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PASSING.

BY ALICE L. MCALILLY.

I'm passing, passing darling,
Across the mystic sea,
But do not mourn too deeply,
Or tenderly for me;
Weep not, I know your heartache
Is passionate and deep,
And that you still will love me,
When I death's slumber sleep.

Thus, darling, when the flowers
Of summer bud and bloom,
We sorrow when the autumn
Proclaims an early doom;
But when the winter ceases,
And spring time comes again,
Its radiant charm of beauty
Brings solace for our pain.

And thus when autumn blossoms
Have died upon my tomb,
Time, too, will ease thy sorrows,
Dispelling death's dark gloom;
And when thy griefs and sadness,
Like winter's storms, is o'er,
New forms will fill the places
Where I have been of yore.

Hush, make no solemn promise
To bind you to my tomb;
I would not have thy lifetime
O'ershadowed by its gloom;
But now my strength is failing,
Close hold me to your breast,
That thus thy faithful bosom
May pillow me to rest.

UNDER WILD SKIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BENEATH THE SEA."

CHAPTER I.

IN DEBT.

"Is she dead yet?"

This said very eagerly.

"No, sir, she ain't dead, and ain't likely to be till she's more at rest."

This said with a girlish anger and impetuosity, as the speaker took her handkerchief from her eyes and suppressed a burst of sobs.

"Then why have you left her? Why are you here?"

These words were spoken in rather a shabbily-furnished room in an old house at Netherhampton. The place, with its wainscotted walls, looked old and respectable; but the furniture, for its part, looked new and disreputable. The tables and chairs seemed to have been ill-used—the former were gum-ringed, stained by drinking vessels, and burned by pipes and cigars; the latter had their seats soiled and torn. The mirror over the chimney piece was cracked across from a blow; and the ornaments were headless or chipped; while fender and fire-irons beneath were rusty. So dissipated was the look of the room, that, in spite of the old fashioned window, with its broad sill and locker, being wide open to admit the soft summer air, as it gave a view of slumbering Netherhampton Water, and goodly vessels lying at anchor, you were not surprised to encounter the faint, heavy odor of drink and stale tobacco, nor to see the tap room like spittoons shedding sawdust, and bottles and glasses upon the tables.

You felt less surprised at the occupants of the room, both seated at the table drinking, with dissipation strongly marked in their features.

The first, James Raby, was a man of thirty, and but for his unkempt hair, unshorn chin, the dark rings under his eyes, and the generally reckless look of his dress, he would have been handsome. The other, a keen, eager looking young man of one or two and twenty, with a flashy, semi-nautical style of neatness in his garb.

"Take another glass, Jack, and don't bother," said the elder of the two, setting the example by pouring out some fiery Hollands into a tumbler, diluting it a little with water, and then pouring it down his throat in a hasty, unsociable manner.

"She'n't! I know when I've had enough," said the other. "That's what you always say."

"What's what I always say?"

"Why, whenever I ask you for that money—'Take another glass!'"

"Well," said, Raby, with a harsh, chuckling laugh, "isn't it right, Johnny Barker? You ask me for what I haven't got, and I give you what I have."

"Now, look here, James Raby," said the other, bringing his fist angrily down on the table, "I won't be humbugged. I want that fifty pounds for business, and I'll have it before I go."

"That's what you say every day you come."

"And that's what I say again. I won the money fair, and I'll be paid. If I had lost, I should have paid you."

"Or else gone off to sea."

"You measure my corn by your own bushel. Now, look here, I'm not going to be trifled with."

"There, fill up your glass, man, and I'll give you a bill."

"A bill!" said Barker, with a sneer. "Who'd discount it?"

"Nobody," said the other with a grin. "Jack, old man, there isn't a tailor in Netherhampton would trust me with a new coat."

"Then you shouldn't have been such a fool. You married a wife with plenty of money."

"And a ready made son."

"And you've done nothing else but drink ever since."

"And give men of Jack Barker's kidney chances to win fifties of me."

"Now, look here, said Barker, angrily; I tell you I want that money for business. I go out as supercargo of that brig, and with that fifty and some more I've got I can buy beads and things here that I can turn out there into gold dust, ivory and plumes."

"Yes, you're a regular Jew at heart, Jack."

"Never you mind about that. Are you going to pay me?"

"Can't, my boy, can't."

"Then I shall seize something."

"Do: it's all my wife's; settled on her, stick and stone," said Raby, laughing his harsh laugh. "Get yourself into trouble, and spoil your voyage."

"Confound you!" roared Barker. "Look here: get the money of your wife."

"No go, Jack. I've sucked her dry. She wouldn't let me have a penny to save my life."

"Then take it."

"I haven't a chance, Jack. It's all tast, with the lawyer's red tape round it. Look here, my mercantile marine, have another glass and then you shall have me. Take me out with you to the Guinea Coast; have me well blacked every day on the voyage out, and then sell me to King Quashee, or one of his tribe, for a nigger. Do you hear, Old Shylock?"

"Now, look here, Raby," cried his companion, in a rage. "I sail this day three weeks. I want the money, and I won't be played with. Now go to your wife, and make her sign, or seal, or something—only get the money."

"She's ill, my boy, dangerously ill—dying, perhaps."

"What!" exclaimed Barker, drawing his chair nearer, and speaking in a whisper. "You haven't been—eh!—Borgia, and that sort of thing?"

"Poisoning her? Not I. I've behaved badly enough to her, but not so bad as that."

"But, Raby, if she dies you get her money?"

"Not a cursed half penny. I've spent all the ready cash for her—the rest's houses and bonds."

"Well?"

"Well? I was a fool. I was in such a hurry to marry the rich widow that the lawyers were too much for me, and it's all settled on that brat."

"You must have been a fool indeed," said Barker.

"Why, I'd have had every penny of that money, if it had been me."

"Of course you would, clever Jack," said Raby, laughing. "You'd get blood out of flints. Why don't you set up a factory?"

"You must have been a fool," said Barker again, thoughtfully.

"Not so bad, after all," laughed Raby, "for I got her to make a will."

"Yes?" cried Barker, eagerly.

"Well, old Shylock, she's left all to me if the boy dies."

"That's better—that's better," cried Barker; "and the boy may die, mayen't he?"

"There, that'll do. I'm sick of the subject. Drink, man, drink," said Raby, "and do as I do—drown thought. I wish I had never seen the poor little woman."

"Why?"

"Why?" cried Raby, harshly, as he drained his glass, "because her money made me a drunken fool and an idiot, a gambler and a scoundrel, when I might have turned out a decent man. Poor little woman, I've behaved bad to her."

"Don't maudle," said Barker; "and don't be a bigger fool. Just think of business, if your brains are not too muddled. Look here, James Raby, how much money is there?"

"Seven or eight thousand—I don't know. Why?"

"Why?" said Barker, placing his face close to that of his host; "I should have that money."

James Raby made an effort to clear his bemuddled head, and then sat staring at him in silence, as if fascinated by the two dark, close-set eyes that gazed into his, till the door opened sharply, and a young, pleasant-looking servant girl, of about eighteen, rushed sobbing into the room with her apron to her eyes.

"Is she dead?" cried Raby, starting round.

"No, sir, she aint dead, and aint likely to be till she's more at rest."

"Then why have you left her? Why are you here?"

"Mrs. Raby sent me, sir, and she said I was to beg of you to let her have Master Walter at her side."

CHAPTER II.

THE STEPSON.

THE sudden entrance of the girl and her announcement seemed to have completely sobered James Raby, for he sat up on the instant, with his brow rugged with anger.

"Did she say she would do what I asked her?" he exclaimed.

"No, sir, no," sobbed the girl. "She told me to tell you that she would do anything that lay in her power, but she could not do that."

"Then tell her he sha'n't come till she does."

"But, sir—please, sir," sobbed the girl, going on her knees to him, "my poor mistress—she is dying, sir—she begged and prayed so hard."

"Go and tell her what I said," cried Raby, roughly.

"And she said, sir, sobbed the girl, if you—if you refused her prayer, I was to beg you to come to her."

"Go and tell her," said Raby, fiercely, "that if she'll do what I asked her she shall have Walter as long as he likes. Now, go."

"But, sir—please, sir—my poor mistress—"

"Curse you, go!" cried Raby, brutally. "Take my message," and he started up to catch the girl by the shoulder; but she wrenched herself free, and hurried from the room, while Barker sat swinging his leg on the edge of the table, an interested spectator of the scene.

"Where's the boy?" he said, as Raby applied himself once more to the bottle.

"In the little study—locked up."

"Then you've been putting the screw on for money?" said Barker, curiously.

"Never took it off," said Raby, contemptuously.

"Ha!" said Barker, rubbing his hands. "Not a bad plan—keeping the boy away till she comes round. What are you trying for?"

"There, don't bother," cried Raby, angrily; "some bonds—to get them sold—that's all."

"Good plan—very good plan, James. Keep it up, man; but don't let the prize slip through your fingers. Is she very bad?"

"Yes—no. There, I don't know. She pretends to be. Doctors have frightened her."

"Let them: makes her easier to work. But what are the bonds worth?"

"Don't pester me," cried Raby, irritably. "Four or five hundred—there."

"Pester you!" exclaimed Barker. "Why, I'm being a friend to you when you want to be a fool to yourself. You don't know the value of the money, man. Four or five hundred! It's absurd! Go in for three or four times as much now you have the enemy down. Do you hear?"

Raby nodded.

"Then my fifty will be a fleabite."

"And you can win some more, eh?" said Raby, with drunken wisdom.

"Pooh, nonsense, man! I tell you, I'm off to sea in a month."

"You said three weeks a little while ago."

"Well," three weeks or a month—it's all the same, said Barker, rising. "Now I'm off. Don't you neglect your chance. I see you are clever enough to manage her, and I shall look in to-morrow or next day for the money."

Then, with a short, sharp nod, he turned and left the room.

James Raby sat perfectly still for a few minutes, and then his hand went mechanically to the glass, but, in a fit of fury, he turned from it with a shudder, and then, taking bottle and glass, he walked with them to the window, and threw both out into the water that rippled up to the piles on which the house was built.

"If I'd done that three years ago I might have been a decent man," he muttered, as he saw the vessels disappear. "As it is, I'm a blackguard. Well, it's too late; so, as I'm a blackguard, I must do as blackguards do."

He walked hastily from the window, opened a door on his right, and ascending some stairs, he noiselessly inserted a key in a lock, turned it, and then stood gazing at the scene within.

It was a little closet of a room, and if he had meant to punish as well as confine his prisoner, he had made a mistake; for the walls were lined with shelves, and the inmate, a boy of about eleven, was seated on the floor, with his back to his gaoler, intent upon the big, age-stained volume upon his lap.

The boy was reading away with avidity, and sometimes his lips formed the words, till, sighing as he stopped to turn over the leaf, he seemed by some occult faculty to become aware of the fact that he was watched. He looked sharply up, caught sight of Raby's face, and, with a cry of fear, scrambled to the far corner, where he crouched at bay.

In spite of its being distorted by terror, it was an attractive, frank, handsome face that the boy turned to his visitor; but plainly to be read in its expression was the dread of blows, and utter fear of the man before him; and as Raby took a step forward the boy winced and crouched closer to the wall.

"Get up!" said Raby, harshly; and the boy hastily rose, dropping his book as he stood upright.

"Put away that book," continued Raby, "and if you touch one again, you know what will follow."

The boy shuddered as he hastily picked up the book, and then, wincing as if he expected a blow, he hurriedly returned the volume to the case.

Raby stood gazing at him as the boy once more faced round; then with two strides he had the child by the collar.

He loosed him, though, the next moment, and pointed to a slate upon the table as he turned to go.

But before his hand was upon the door the boy had caught him by the coat.

"Please, Mr. Raby—please, father, will you let me see mamma?"

"No, not now; certainly not," was the answer.

"But she is so ill; she wants to see me," cried the boy, pitifully.

"Who told you she was so ill?" cried Raby, angrily; and he caught the boy by the collar with a sharp shake. "Do you hear? Speak this instant."

The boy, in an excess of fear, opened his lips to speak but a quiet look of determination or obstinacy crossed his face, and he hung his head and remained silent.

"Sulky again, eh!" exclaimed Raby, furiously flinging him off, so that the boy staggered to the bookcase, and but for its friendly aid would have fallen. "Very good. I can't attend to you now, but that means another dozen stripes, my young friend."

He gave the boy a malignant glance, and then went out and locked the door after him.

The boy remained perfectly still for a few moments, and then the firm look faded out of his face, and he sat down on the floor and cried as if his heart would break.

At the end of ten minutes there was a sharp tap at the window, as if a pebble had been thrown against a pane; and running to it, the boy's face lit up with joy. The next moment he had thrown it up, and was gazing down at somebody below.

"Ah!" he cried, "I'm so glad you've come."

"Hush, my boy, don't speak. Catch!"

A paper bag was thrown into the room, but the boy did not leave the window to take it.

"How's ma!" he whispered, eagerly.

"Very ill, my dear. He's with her now. Has he been to you?"

"Yes."

"Yes," said the girl, "and you've been crying. Did he whip you?"

"No, he only promised to."

"And what for?"

The boy's face grew rigid again, but the hard look faded out as he sobbed:

"Because I wouldn't say you told me ma was ill."

An ejaculation expressive of sorrow, annoyance and anger combined came from below, and the girl exclaimed:

"Oh! Quick! Shut the window and eat your cakes, there's a good boy. There's the bell."

The boy stood watching till she had entered the door, and then, closing the window, he took up the pastrycook's bag, looked at it with a sigh, and then hid it behind some books.

His next movement was to go to the door and listen. All was very still, so he went hastily to the book shelves, took down the volume containing the interesting narrative of travel he had been reading, and opened it once more at the old place. Then he hesitated, moved partly by feelings of honor, partly by those of fear, and, after standing with the open volume in his hand for a few moments, he replaced it with a sigh, took up a slate and pencil, and was soon puzzling over an intricate sum in the rule of three.

CHAPTER III.

"MY DEAR WIFE!"

IN another room of the old house at Netherhampton a different scene was being enacted, for there the life of one occupant was at the less. It was a bed-room, and, with her face blanched to the color of the frilled night dress she wore, eyes sunken but preternaturally bright, lips cracked and parched, and her long brown hair thrown back and spreading over the pillow, lay James Raby's wife, the mother of Walter Mayland.

Care and disease had worked the ill between them, and a very cursory glance was enough to show that the sufferer's stay here could not be long. She was feebly propping herself upon her elbow, gazing anxiously towards the door as it opened, and the girl whom we have seen entered.

"Well what did he say?" exclaimed the invalid, in a feeble, excited voice.

"Oh, ma'am, do lie still," cried the girl, running to her, and helping her mistress to recline. "Here, take a little of this first."

The sick woman, with the obedience of a child, obeyed her maid, even to trying to swallow a few drops of the composing draught held to her parched lips.

"But he said the boy might come?" she whispered, imploringly.

The girl shook her head sadly.

"He said something?" cried the invalid, piteously.

"He said, ma'am, that if you'd do what he wished you to do, Master Walter should come and stay with you."

"Oh!" groaned the sick woman, "I cannot—I cannot. It is robbing him of his rights. I have been too weak and foolish already. Oh, that I should be so punished for my weakness."

She lay with closed eyes and her lips moving for a time, and worn as was her face, it was plain to read in the semi-composure coming over it that it was the countenance of one who had been loving and loyal, as well as very handsome; and, as she lay, the girl watched her with a look full of awe, till a quiet smile crossed the lips, when she half started in fear.

"Are you worse, ma'am?" she whispered, in terror-stricken accents.

"Worse? No—better, much better. I feel as if I shall soon be asleep now—very soon, and if my boy could be with me, I should be at rest. Oh, girl, when I am gone—"

"Oh, dear missus, dear missus, don't, pray don't," sobbed the girl, in an excess of grief, as she threw herself upon her knees by the bed. "don't talk so."

"Why not, girl?" said the sick woman, smiling. "You know I am dying, and it is not so hard. What have I to live for but my boy? But listen," she continued, eagerly. "You are young and strong. Promise me that you will stay here—always. That you won't be driven away by hard words, but that for Walter's sake you will stay and watch over him, and try to take my place—my place," she moaned—"the place I forsook in my weakness. Oh, my boy! my boy!"

Her eyes closed, and great tears trickled from beneath the lids, but she grew more composed as the girl leaned over her; and then, laying her head upon the pillow beside the invalid, whispered all she could desire in her ear.

"I will—I will, indeed," sobbed the girl. "Oh, ma'am. I'll never leave here, for his sake."

"And now tell me," said Mrs. Raby—"My boy—does he know how bad I am—is he happy?"

"He knows you're ill, ma'am, but not how bad you are; and, like all boys, he's happy enough. Oh, what a wicked liar I am!" moaned the girl to herself.

"Dinah, you are trying to cheat me," said the invalid, looking at her searchingly. "Don't do that; be honest with me. Has—has Mr. Raby been beating him?"

"N—no, ma'am, not again," sobbed guilty Dinah.

"Where is Walter?"

"Shut up in the little study, ma'am. Oh, please, ma'am," sobbed the girl, "I didn't like to tell you."

A sweetly grateful look was turned upon her, and the girl caught at and wildly kissed her mistress's hand.

"My poor boy!" muttered the dying woman, "my weakness has been your curse; but I have been bitterly punished, God in heaven protect and watch over him."

There was a strange silence in the room for a time; the soft summer air came through the open window; and the hum of the flies that darted in and out and played about the window sill sounded painfully loud. Dinah sat with swollen eyes watching her charge, hesitating as to whether she should summon help, and was just rising from her chair when the sick woman opened her eyes with a strangely eager look.

"Dinah—Dinah—quick," she said, in a hoarse whisper; "tell Mr. Raby I must see him."

The girl ran to the door, and as she opened it she faced James Raby on the landing, with a blotting case under his arm and the inkstand in his hand.

"Stand outside there," he said, roughly. "I may want you in a few minutes."

The girl took her place outside, waited a moment, and then ran down stairs and out beneath the study window, while Raby entered the sick room, and locked the door.

"Well," he said, going to the bedside, "how are you now?"

The sick woman looked at him strangely, and there was a smile upon her lips as she answered—

"Better—getting better fast. I wanted to see you."

"Yes, and I wanted to see you," he said, coolly. "Look here, Margaret. I want you to sign this paper. Shall I read it?"

"You need not," she said, in a husky, labored whisper. "It is for me to do a great wrong to my boy—to sign away his money—money left to him by his father."

"Nonsense with your wrong!" he said, impatiently. "I want money, and money I must have. I will not be treated as if I were a nonentity."

"Money? James," she faltered, "you have had all—every penny that was mine. I have sold jewels, watch, plate, everything to please you. Why did you come across my path? Was it only for my money?"

"I suppose so," he said, brutally.

"And I love you so passionately—I looked in your handsome face, and thought you, as it were, a god. James—James—dear love, tell me it is false—tell me you did love—ever so little. I cannot bear it."

She was weak, pitifully weak, and there was a dim, glazed look in her eye; but, by an almost superhuman effort, she drew herself to him as he sat upon the bed, her thin, white arms, from which the night dress fell, were clasped round him, and her head was laid against his breast, while her breath came in labored gasps.

"Why, of course I loved you, and do love you," he said, moved somewhat in his semi-drunken state by his wild appeal. "Come, Meggy, love, do as I ask you."

"Put your arm round me once," he gasped. "Dear love, I am so weak."

He gave his shoulder a shrug as, in obedience to her wishes, he passed his right arm round her, while the other was busy arranging blotting book and inkstand upon the coverlet.

"Come, you are better now, dear," he said, "and you'll listen to reason. I've seen the lawyers, and they say that if you sign this there will be no difficulty about it. It's only a little—about fifteen hundred pounds in shares in that company. That will set us up, dear, and we'll go to Jersey or somewhere for a few months to get you right, and make you strong again. Are you listening?"

"Yes," she whispered, and a faint smile played about her. "Make me strong—again."

"And we can put Walter to a good school. Are you listening?"

"Yes," she whispered again. "Walter—my boy."

"You see, it will be so much for his good," said Raby, "and for yours too. These doctors make you no better."

"No—no good," came the husky whisper again.

"You will sign it, then, Meggy, my darling?" he said. "Look here, I can hold you a little more up, and you can easily do it. There, I'll keep my arm round you to support you. I thought you'd do as I asked, and then that girl Dinah can come and witness it."

As he spoke, he drew the blotting case forward, upon which lay a legal-looking document, with a large blank at the bottom. Then, with his left hand, he took a pen, and dipped it in the ink, and held it ready.

And he did so, his wife's eyes unclosed, and the film seemed to have passed away. There was a bright light in her face as she held herself from him and gazed full in his face.

"That's my own darling," he said, supporting her still more. "Why, you'll feel happier in your own mind when you've given way."

"James," she whispered, and every word uttered seemed torn from her breast, "this is wrong; but if—if I sign for my boy's sake part of his money—"

"No, no; yours, love," he whispered, tenderly.

"His money, his money, will you—you swear before God to whom I go, swear holding my hand to protect, to be a father—my helpless—helpless child?"

There was a wild intensity in every word uttered, and a strange, hoarse tone accompanying them; but he noticed it not.

"Of course I will, darling—everything you wish. There, that's right, take the pen. Now put your name there where my finger is. Curse her, she's fainted!"

He had placed the pen in her hand, and the thin white fingers with blue swollen veins closed upon it for an instant, but an instant only, then Mrs. Raby's eyes closed, and the pen dropped from her hand to make a broad black mark upon the coverlet.

But she had not fainted. Her eyes unclosed; she gave a wild look round, and with a supreme effort raised an arm to James Raby's neck.

"Husband—love" she cried, wildly—"My boy, Walter. Kiss me once—"

There was a faint shudder running through the poor attenuated frame, and then letting it sink back upon the pillows, the husband started horror-stricken away.

Too late! when a few strokes of that pen would have made such changes in the future of an orphan boy.

CHAPTER IV.

WALTER'S PROGRESS.

A MONTH had glided by. The remains of poor Mrs. Raby had been committed to the earth, and Walter's passionate grief for his mother had been somewhat assuaged by time and the devotion of the girl, who seemed never weary of attending to his wants.

The boy found his greatest relief from neglect, harsh treatment, and sorrow, though, in his books; and on this bright July morning he was seated in his favorite corner of the window seat in the room where our story opened. In his deep interest in the tale upon which he was feasting, he read half aloud in a low tone of voice—

"And then they landed on the coral reef, where the waves dashed in silvery spray over the weed strewn shore. The palms shot up in tall spires, crowned with feathery fronds from the very edge of the golden sands; bright plumaged birds flitted from bush to bush; gorgeous flowers decked the twining vines, and overhead shone with sapphire clearness the pure blue sky, reflected in the mirror like sea."

"Ah," said the boy, resting his chin thoughtfully upon his hand, "if I could only get to such a place as that. It must be like Paradise—like Heaven. If I could only get away from here," he cried, clasping his hands, "to go to such a place, and live like Robinson Crusoe. No hard lessons to learn; no Mr. Raby to hate, and beat, and wish me—wish me—wish me dead."

He burst into paroxysms of weak, hysterical sobbing. "Ah, mother—mamma, dear," he said, raising his eyes to the blue heaven, "why did you leave me here, where no one loves or cares for me?"

He stopped short—listened—ran lightly from his place to the door, and then back again.

"Ah, he's coming again," the boy cried, as, hurriedly hiding his book, he seated himself at the table, and taking up a slate and pencil, began to work hard at a sum, just as Mr. Raby threw open the door, and came noisily into the room.

"Now, you sir," he cried, "is that sum done? You've had plenty of time. Why, what's this?" he shouted, banging the slate down upon the table after a cursory glance, "not done—not touched!"

"Please, sir, I've done it three times, and it won't come right."

"Won't come right!" snarled Raby.

"No, sir; please, sir, I can't get it started right. I did try so hard, sir; but in those double rule of three sums you never know whether the answer is to be in feet, or men, or days."

"You ignorant, idle blockhead! Won't come right, won't it? You don't try—you never try."

"Oh, I do, sir, so hard," cried the boy, piteously; "but I do not think my head was ever made for sums."

"Made for sums, no, so it seems. Only fit to be knocked against the wall. But I'll have no more of it. I've given way to you lately."

"Oh, please, sir—" began the boy.

"Hold your tongue, you dog," cried Raby. "You've been dreaming, and mooning, and wasting your time."

"Indeed, indeed, sir," cried the boy, "I did try very, very hard; but it wouldn't come right, and I'd no one to ask."

"No one to ask, blockhead. You've been reading."

"I—I didn't read, sir, till I found I couldn't do my sum; I didn't, indeed, sir."

"Didn't you, indeed?" cried Raby, catching the boy by the collar, and dragging him towards a book case, "I'll see if I can't put a stop to this."

The boy struggled frantically to get away, but he was power'ess in Raby's strong grasp, as he dragged him across the room, not crying aloud, but sobbing in a suppressed voice as if of dread.

"Oh, sir—Mr. Raby—step father—pray, pray don't beat me again."

"It's for your good, you idle dog."

"I'm not idle, sir; indeed, I'm not. I do try so hard to do what you tell me."

"Silence!" roared Raby, as he took a stout cane from a shelf; "dare to make a sound, and I'll half kill you."

"But, pray, sir pray," sobbed the boy in a piteous whisper, "don't beat me, Mr. Raby. You beat me yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that; and—and—and, oh, I didn't, didn't deserve it."

The boy's appeal was so low and piteous that, to use the old saying, it might have melted a heart of stone; but it had no effect on Raby, with the drink madness in his blood.

"And I'll beat you every day, you idle, worthless scamp, till I make a man of you good for something."

As he spoke he raised the cane, and it was whistling through the air, when, in his terror, the poor boy made a frantic dash at it, and held on.

"No, sir; don't beat me, sir. Pray, pray don't. It hardens me—it makes me bitter. Oh, sir, pray—for mother's sake, don't. You would not have beaten me like this if she had been alive."

This in that same low, piteous wail that never hardly rose above a whisper, and told how cruel must have been previous punishments received.

"You dog!" roared Raby, furiously, as he tore the cane from the boy's hands. "How dare you mention her name!"

He made a savage cut at the boy as he spoke, but the lad eluded it, and tearing himself free, made for the door, crying aloud for the first time—

"Help, help, help!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GOSSIP.—Can the evil wrought by gossip be estimated? We think not. A wise woman can scarcely say too little in company if the conversation trenches in the least upon scandal. Many a social, noble minded woman has been obliged to withdraw herself from a neighborhood intimacy which would have been pleasant otherwise because her remarks were returned by some idle tale bearer, so perverted as to make her doubt the existence of genuine friendship, and accept loneliness for the sake of the safety it brought. You say we must talk "about something." Yes; and through that very fact we see a remedy for the evil, to so thoroughly interest ourselves in other and better things that we find no space to spare for our neighbor's affairs. Let us talk of our work, our homes, our house-plants, our books, or our babies. Let us teach our eyes to find beauty everywhere, while we blind them by constant watchfulness to blemish. Never, under any circumstances, cast the first stone. Then, if an erring neighbor goes down, you cannot blame yourself for assisting the downfall. M. S.

FLOWERS IN THE SICK ROOM.—Flowers taken from a room in which a sick person lies ill of an infectious or contagious disease are said to convey the infection. This is no reason why the invalid should be deprived of flowers; but they should be immediately burnt on removal from the room. It is while fasting that we are most likely to take any infectious disorder. Therefore it is better, if possible, to take a breakfast, though ever so hasty a one, before entering a sick room. The clothes that have not come into very close contact with a person suffering from infectious or contagious disease may be purified by being put to air for a whole day by a blazing fire. But no degree of airing, cleansing, or brushing will purify an infected bed. The feathers, wool, or flock (as the case may be) must be thoroughly cleansed, as also the ticks, before the bed can be safely slept on.

The heart is their mint who have no other wealth.

THE OLD FAIR STORY.

BY J. N. M.

A mother kissed her baby,
Rocking it into rest,
And gently clasped within her arms,
It nestled in her breast.
The old fair story,
Set round in glory,
Wherever life is found;
For oh! it's love, it's love, they say,
That makes the world go round.

A fair-faced boy and maiden
Passed through the yellow wheat;
And their hands were clasped together,
And the flowers grew at their feet.
The old fair story,
Set round in glory,
Wherever life is found;
For oh! it's love, it's love, they say,
That makes the world go round.

An old man and a wrinkled wife,
Amid the fair spring weather:
"We've shared our sorrows and our joys,
God grant we die together."
The old fair story,
Set round in glory,
Wherever life is found;
For oh! it's love, it's love, they say,
That makes the world go round.

The Helmsly Thing.

BY E S.

HELMSLY had been a charming place in its day.

But when we found it, it had, as my little sister Jennie expressed it, "run to seed."

The beautiful grounds were overrun with weeds, covering with their rank growth statues, vases, and fountains.

But as Jennie again said, the old house was "perfectly delicious."

It was of two stories with attics.

A great rambling old place with dim corridors running hither and thither into the oddest out-of-the-way places.

Jennie and I had gone down with a retinue of servants to superintend the cleaning preparatory to the advent of the rest of the family.

Late in the evening of the second day we were sitting on the old settee, in front of a decaying fire, discussing various matters of interest.

A small lamp burned on the mantel before a large mirror had been hung a little before dark

I had just proposed going to bed, as the servants had done so an hour before, and the bare, uncarpeted rooms and halls seemed dreadfully cheerless and lonely

The answer that I received was a clutch on the arm.

I turned and looked at Jennie, and shocked as I was by her ghastly face, my eyes involuntarily followed hers to the glass above the mantel.

To describe my horror and terror would be impossible.

Like Jennie, I sat petrified, and gazed with eyes that seemed starting from my head

It was so ghastly a thing to confront us at that hour!

It was a small, cowering, dark object—a shapeless mass with a face of deathly pallor, from which burned two great shining eyes, a tangle of black hair falling almost to the heavy eyebrows.

It crouched just without the open door leading into one of the many corridors, eyeing us with terrible intentions.

At last I shook off the terror and sprang to my feet. I snatched the lamp from the mantel with the intention of investigating the strange object.

My hasty movement extinguished it. The fire was too low to admit of more than a fitful gleam of light and our sense of horror for the moment was frightful.

Jennie succumbed to it utterly. With a gurgling cry she sank fainting upon the settee.

This spurred me to an effort.

Catching a paper from the settee, I tore off a piece with frantic haste, and in spite of my shaking hands, succeeded in relighting the lamp.

Then I hurried to the doorway. But nothing was there.

Lacking the courage to pursue my investigations, I returned to Jennie, first carefully closing and locking the door.

After a little attention Jennie came to her senses She looked up at my pale face and gasped:

"Where—where is the thing?"

I told her all that I knew about it, and after a little we crept timidly up to our room.

We slept little; but in the warm, sunny day that broke the "thing," as Jennie called it seemed far less terrifying.

The day went on smoothly enough till near twilight, when a piercing shriek from Jennie called us to the great stairway.

"What is the matter?" I cried, as Jennie stood gazing in white terror at the attic landing far above her head.

"The thing! the thing!" she shrieked; and again she fainted.

Leaving her in the care of one of the servants who had rushed after me, I took the others, and hurried determinedly up to the attics.

We searched from one end to the other, but found nothing.

Suddenly one of the men called out, hastily:

"There's something shaking that roll of canvas among the rafters there!"

And with the words, he jerked it down, and from its folds tumbled a little misshapen creature—a dwarfed humpback, his uncanny form rendered still more uncanny by a short cloak cast about his shoulders.

"You little imp, what are you doing here?" demanded the servant, grasping him by the shoulder before he could escape.

"No harm please?" piteously gasped the mite, lifting a pair of great soft eyes to my face. "I'm only Drat, the little beggar! I ain't no friends, an' I ain't no home."

That melted my heart.

"There, James, let him go," I interfered; "you hurt him!"

And then, addressing this singular piece of humanity, I said:

"Why have you been prowling about and frightening us half to death? Why—"

"Please'm I ain't frightened you half you've frightened me!" whined the culprit, a big tear coursing a white line over his dirty cheeks.

"But why did you not knock at the door and ask for shelter?" I asked, with difficulty restraining a smile.

"I was afeard they'd give me a pair o' cuffs."

And now a full tide poured cleansingly over his cheeks

"A pair of cuffs!" I echoed, in amazement.

But James here burst into a laugh, explaining.

"He means, Miss, that he was afraid we'd cuff his ears."

"Yes'm!" assented Drat, as I gave vent to an "Oh!"

And then he added:

"I was here fust'm!"

"Oh, you were?" I laughed.

I stood a minute looking at him thoughtfully, after which I asked, slowly:

"Do you think you could work? Could you make yourself useful if I should keep you, and give you a home here?"

"Deed I kin'm!" he gasped, eagerly. "Oh, keep me'm! keep me! I ain't got nobody!"

"I will," I said, deeply touched. "James, take him down and give him a bath, and then get him something to eat. I will go and try to manufacture a clean suit of some kind."

And so the Helmsly Thing became what Jennie christened the Helmsly Page. And never did a more faithful servant and friend live than our little Drat. Heaven bless him!

A Married Widow.

BY W. D. M.

IT was just before the opening of the railway from Taganrog to Kharkof in 1869 and I was driving these dreary distances in autumn. For the first two days and nights the weather was lovely, but on the third morning, soon after sunrise, the sky became covered with heavy, torn, and jagged clouds; a northerly wind arose, and with thunder, lightning, cold gale, and snow, the winter burst on us as it yearly breaks on Southern Russia In half an hour the rich, black, rolling plains had become an ocean of inky mud, and we reached the post station of Donski only to find the order, "Impossible to proceed."

I called for tea, and the samovar was brought in by a fine, upright, gray bearded man, whom, from his black velvet tunic and slashed sleeves, I took to be the postmaster himself. He was followed into the room by a noble looking Cossack woman of his own age, who said, "Little husband, why don't you ask the little lord if he will eat a partridge and a bit of bread? The kurupatka is plump and the day will be long before his troika can be harnessed to face the storm." She smiled sweetly as she spoke—he smiled lovingly upon her; then she left us, looking lingeringly back.

"Your wife is in love with you still, and you with her, postmaster," I said. "You must have beaten her well when she was young for her to love you so. How long is it since you were married?"

"I am sixty," he replied; "I was married at twenty five thirty five years ago—*five years before I died*"

"What?" said I.

"Five years before my death. Is it possible that you don't know my story? You must have come from a long way off, for I have heard that it is told even upon the Azof."

And, throwing his legs across a chair, without more ado, he spoke thus, "I was born in 1809 and can remember the return from Paris of my father and uncle—Cossacks of the Don. Those were grand days, when every Cossack was an officer by birth, and when the Hetman Platof was King of Europe, conqueror of the Turks and of the French, and friend and equal of the White Tsar. Now this Petersburg Tsar says that we're no better than his Great Russian slaves, and for many years my sabre and long pistol have hung upon the wall unused; and when I have worn my red banded cap and my red striped breeches I've always hid as much as I could of the stripe in my boots, for I'm ashamed of it now; and they're even going to take away our privilege of the supply of salt.

"In 1834 as a young postmaster—for my father was dead—with a good place and a handsome beard, I was the best match in the two church villages round. I could pick my wife, and I chose Olga, that you saw just now."

"There!" said I.

"Ah! wait and see. Wait, little lord! Don't be impatient! Olga was as lovely as she was good. You have seen her in her sixtieth year Her goodness is what it was; and, though I may be an unsafe judge, her beauty, I think, is not yet gone."

He looked at me. I nodded.

"We were happy at first; but I was young. I felt the chain. I was faithful to her as far as women went, but not kind. We had no children.

"One day, in 1839, she was in low spirits about me, and flung her arms upon a sudden about my neck, with, 'Do you *really* love me, little John?'

"'You know I do.'

"'But not as I love you.'

"To tell you what thoughts flashed in an instant through my mind would be impossible That what she said was true. That while I did love her in a kind of way, I was bound to her for life, whether I would or no. In a fit of wild rage, I struck her one short, sharp blow. She looked at me, with despair in her eyes, and walked slowly into our other room. I ran into the stable yard.

"'Harness a troika,' said I to the staroста 'I leave at once for Kharkof, with despatches that the courier dropped, and that I've found upon the floor. Quick! quick! the best courier horses.'

"In an instant they were ready. Merrily jingled the bells in the crisp air. Paul took the reins, and off I whirled. In twenty hours I was at Kharkof. To my friend the staroста at the great Kharkof station, who was equal in rank and pay to most postmasters themselves, I said, 'Do me a service, little friend, as I would do one for you. I am going to leave my wife, to whom I have been unkind, and am going to enlist in the Guards. But I wish her to forget me, and she must think me dead. Write to her in a week, and tell her I was taken with the cholera and died. Beg her to forgive me for my unkindness. Say that I was grateful for her love; and that it was my last wish that she should marry again, some lad more worthy of her than myself. Make interest to have the station continued to her as postmistress. She was a priest's daughter, and can write.

"We crossed ourselves; he swore; we bowed to the image in the corner of the stable; and in five minutes I was gone."

"At the recruiting office I enlisted for the Empress's regiment of Cuirassiers of the Guard as a fourteen years' volunteer, and in a false name. I'd of course no papers, but they asked no questions, for I was a fine recruit. My beard was shaved, my hair was cut, and when I got to St. Petersburg, and was fitted with my uniform and eagle crowned helmet, no one would have known me. I rose to be sergeant and second riding-master. From your pedarojna I see that you are English.

"Now, in 1853, when I had served my time, there were rumors of war in Turkey against you, and tempting offers were made to me to stop and drill the recruits. But I was wretched, and home-sickness drove me South; though, if I found my wife dead or married again, I intended to kill myself."

"Petersburg is not a place for Cossacks either. By brooding over the past, I had become madly in love with my wife. It was no use for me to tell myself that I had left her well off; that she was married again and happy; that she was forty four and fat; or else perhaps a scarecrow. I was madly in love. I got my discharge and pension papers, and started South At Kharkof my friend was dead. What if she too were dead?"

"'Who keeps the Donski post station now?' I murmured, crossing myself the while under my long cloak.

"'The widow.'

"'A widow that has kept it fourteen years?'

"'The same.'

"In eighteen hours I was there. I recognised two of the old men, but they not me. I rushed into the house. She was at her day book, writing, not changed; only graver, and with silver in her black hair My own little Olga, in the best style of old days She did not turn to look at me, but threw up her arms and fell forward on the table. I rushed to her and felt her heart, with mine, too, all but ceasing to beat In a moment she came to herself—our lips pressed together. That was in 1853. This is 1869 Sixteen years gone like a day. We have made up for the past, little lord.

"But would you believe it? That wretched Government at Petersburg insists that I am dead, and that the Donski station is kept by a widow. Or else, they say, the cuirassier riding-master must be dead, and with him his pension. My widow accepts the situation with a smile, for our neighbors all know better than to believe the Government, but she keeps the books, signs the receipts, and pays the taxes. I draw my pension in my cuirassier name."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

ALGERIAN WOMEN:—In some parts of Algeria the women, even the poorest, are permitted to show only one eye, the other features being entirely concealed.

AN ESQUIMAUX CUSTOM:—The Esquimaux have a beautiful custom. When a little child dies they lay a dog's head in the same grave, under the impression that when a child wakes up it cannot find its own way to the habitations of the just, and that the instincts of the dog will lead it thither.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.—Washington having ordered his garden at Mount Vernon to be opened for the admission of the public during part of the summer, his gardener complained that the people gathered the flowers. "What," said the great man, "are my visitors fond of flowers? Then plant more."

LIME.—Every inhabitant of the ocean, which has a shell, derives the material of which that hard covering is composed from the water. Each time an oyster draws water through its gills, some of its lime is taken possession of by appropriate vessels, and goes directly to the living membrane, which deposits it, and thus the shell grows.

SOLOMON'S WISDOM:—There is a tradition in the East that one of the tests by which the Queen of Sheba tried to prove the wisdom of Solomon was by placing on the table before him two bouquets, one of the natural the other of artificial flowers, and requiring that he should distinguish the one from the other; whereupon the wisest man ordered the windows to be thrown open, and in came the bees.

PAY OF THE BRITISH SOLDIER.—The weekly wages of a private soldier in the British Army is at the highest (Household Cavalry) $5 50 and at the lowest (Infantry of the Line) $3 35. Four per cent. of the rank and file of the regiment are allowed to be married; these men receive additional accommodation and furniture for their wives and families, and an additional allowance of fuel at cost of $6 00 a year.

INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF HAIR:—A coffin was discovered in the abbey church of Romney, England, in 1889 which contained the body of a female who had been buried at the time of the Normans, about the twelfth century. The bones had entirely decayed, but the hair, with its characteristic indestructibility, was found entire, and appeared as if the skull had only recently been removed from it, retaining its form entire, and having plaited tails eighteen inches in length.

FANCY AND DISEASE:—Proof of the well-known power of imagination in affecting diseases is afforded in the following Arabian fable: One day a traveller met the Plague going to Cairo, and accosted it thus: "To what purpose are you entering Cairo?" "To kill three thousand people," rejoined the Plague. Some time after the traveler met the Plague on his return, and said, "But you killed thirty thousand!" "Nay" replied the Plague, "I killed but three thousand; the rest died of fright."

CLERICAL DIETETICS:—In "Wharton's History of Poetry" is quoted a curious document, showing the dietary allowance of the clergy in the sixteenth century. An archbishop is allowed to have two swans or two capons in a dish, a bishop one; an archbishop six blackbirds at once; a bishop five, a dean four, an arch deacon two. If a dean has four dishes in his first course he is not afterwards to have custards or fritters. An archbishop may have six snipes, an archdeacon two. Rabbits, larks, pheasants and partridges are allowed in these proportions. A canon residentiary is to have swan only on a Sunday; a rector of sixteen marks, only three blackbirds in a week.

PRIDE OF THE MARSEILLAIS:—The Marseillais is particularly proud of the comfort of his native clime, and is never prepared to admit that it can be subject to the many wintry ills that the North is heir to. The experience of the last few years, with the unwonted sight of an occasional foot of snow on the ground, was rather calculated to take this conviction. Alphonse Karr, the famous French author who happened to be in the old town at one time, remarked to a friendly native, "Well, you can scarcely deny that this is snow?" "Call it snow if you like" replied the Marseillais, taking up a handful, and holding it bravely for a moment or two; "but it is not *cold* snow."

MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE:—It is generally supposed that the air of "God save the King" to which our national song is adapted originated with Handel, in the time of George the First. It is also attributed to John Bull, musical professor, in Queen Elizabeth's time, who, it is said, composed it for a dinner given at the Merchant Tailors' Hall in 1603 in honor of the accession of King James the First of England; and others ascribe it to Henry Carey, about 1743 The French claim it. History tells us that certain words to that air were always sung by the maidens of St Cyr, when Louis the Fourteenth entered the chapel of that establishment to hear the morning prayers. It is said that De Brinon was the author of the words, and Lulli, (who had been a scullion in that monarch's kitchen) the father of the French opera, composed the air.

LIFE.

BY M. N. S.

Our life is like the journey of a day;
With gladsome heart we gird ourselves at morn,
With footsteps free we fare; we hold in scorn
The thought of pain and weariness; the way
Allures us on with prospects ever gay.
Unseen before; we hear rich music borne
On every breeze; and flowers, by time unworn,
With hues and fragrance woo us to delay.
When the warm sun has finished half his race,
Our feet wax weary, but we onward wend,
Yet fain would rest us for a little space,
Until, at length, the shades of evening blend
With day's last light; the stars come out apace;
And sweet repose is at our journey's end.

VERA;

—OR,—

A Guiltless Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CECIL CARLISLE," ETC

CHAPTER XLVI.—(CONTINUED.)

DO, Florrie—and make yourself charming—but that you cannot help

When she was alone, Vera clasped her hands together, and fixed her eyes with a long steadfast gaze on the fire.

"What would Vivian say of my acting to-night?" was her thought. "It was successful. In a few days," she repeated, half aloud—"and what will he think then?"

With dreary tearless eyes she looked down at the flashing ring on her finger—the ring he had placed there, sign of deathless faith, unbroken troth, and love that casts out all fear; and now she was going to break that solemn pledge. Slowly she drew from her breast—where it ever rested—a small oval miniature, a marvel of the painter's art, and gazed on the beautiful face, so worshipped, with a passionate despair in her eyes.

"Can I do it?" she whispered. "Oh, Vivian, it is for thy sake! For thy sake I am strong even to deal this cruel blow."

She pressed the miniature to her lips and replaced it; and when, a moment later, the maid knocked at her door she was calm and collected again, sitting by the hidden sepulchre of hope and happiness.

There were only a few present on that evening—Saint Leon, Lord Cascelles, a famous musician of European note, a leading artist and his wife, and Florrie Morton.

The latter watched the beautiful hostess, and wondered how she could throw off all traces of such passion as she had recently shown, and sing and play and talk so brilliantly. The painter, all unwittingly, asked her for a special favorite of Vivian's, and she played it without hesitation, without any apparent emotion; and, when she sang, there was not a quiver in the full pathetic tones of her voice. But Vivian Devereux noted things that escaped Florence Morton. No one but he would have observed that she avoided him; that in her troubled eyes there was added pain; that, though she never seemed to do so, she was watching the time, and wishing for the evening to close. The guests did not remain very late; and, when Count Saint Leon, after a formal farewell to his hostess, had escorted the last departure—Florrie Morton—to her carriage, he suddenly remembered that Mademoiselle Calderon had wished to speak to him with reference to some matter of business; and, saying this in the hearing of the footman, he turned back into the house, and went up to the drawing room floor again.

He trusted in his diplomacy to make the opportunity he wanted, and fate or fortune was on his side, for, as he opened the door of the ante-room, he saw Vera standing near the window, where, perhaps, passing through the room, she had paused a moment to look on the cloudless sky, all flooded with wintry moonlight. She heard the opening of the door, and started with a sudden fear—for once—for a second, losing self control at Vivian's unlooked-for reappearance. He caught the look and the half recoil and the accent of apprehension in her quick exclamation—

"M. de Saint Leon! Pardon—you startled me!"

She came forward, to give herself, he knew, the position of vantage, being nearer the door, so that she could the more easily and gracefully put a term to the interview, for she saw at once that he intended to question her. But Vivian was hardly the man to be thus baffled. He took her hand and quietly led her back to the window.

"What is the matter, Vera?" he then said, bending down. "Tell me."

She shrank from him; her head drooped; she made no answer. Vivian dropped her hand, but only to lay his own on her shoulder with—she felt it, subtle as it was—something of command in his touch; and, though the repeated question was perhaps even more gently uttered, it was more imperative.

"Nothing," she answered gloomingly, still shunning his gaze, and steeling herself not to shrink again.

"Nothing! A strange answer to give me, Vera—a proverbial excuse for silence!"

She turned her face to the window again and replied—

"I know it; but I have no other answer to give."

Vivian removed his hand from her shoulder and folded his arms.

"I have not your full confidence, Vera," he said in a quiet low tone. "There is some sorrow in your life you will not suffer me to share. Perhaps the secret is not your own. If this be so, forgive me that I questioned you, for it must be pain to you to seem to distrust me. Good-night."

"If you would only trust me less," she said hoarsely, leaning her burning forehead against the cold glass, and struggling with heart-breaking sobs—"if you would only trust me less!"

Again those self-condemning words! He passed his arm round her and drew her close to him.

"Vera," he said very gravely, "this must not be. I have surely a right to ask why again and again you imply that my faith in you is misplaced. You cannot shake that faith, but you show me that you are made to suffer, and I am shut out from even the power to give counsel. Why, too, should you shrink from me? I must see you again. It is late now; and I cannot, for your sake, linger longer. Good-night once more."

And he bent down and kissed her lips, those lips that would make him believe a lie that should wreck even his wondrous faith! See her again! Ay, when he next looked on that face, it would be too late to question her; he would know then why she shrank from him, why his love reproached her; he would remember with bitter anguish her self-accusation, her miserable pleading, "If you would only trust me less"—too late—too late!

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE day that was to mark a turning-point in Vera Calderon's fate broke bright and clear—the day she was to see Percy Everest for the last time perhaps. She had passed a sleepless night. She had dismissed her maid, telling her that she should be very late, and would not need her. And so she was alone. All sounds at length sank into silence; sleep fell on every member of that household save its mistress. She paced up and down her dressing-room, not outwardly agitated, but the awful anguish of those long hours had not been surpassed even on the terrible night when Vivian Devereux lay a prisoner in Bodmin Goal. If Lady Landport, who had said that Vera ever reminded her of that most unhappy face of Beatrice Cenci in Delaroche's marvellous picture, could have seen her now, she might almost have thought that the artist had beheld in prophetic vision this queen of society on whose head the doom her face foreshadowed must fall before another sun sank in the West.

She had written a brief letter to Aileen, and in it was this passage—"Whatever may happen in the next few days, Aileen—whatever you may hear—do nothing, by word or deed, till you hear from me again." This letter would reach Temple Rest to-morrow night.

To-morrow night! As she closed the envelope she rose, and, as she instinctively looked round the room, replete with every luxury, an involuntary shudder passed through her frame. The sensitive nature, nurtured in refinement and æsthetic culture, shrank not only from the moral degradation, but from the physical surroundings of a prison—from coarseness and ugliness—she, to whom sights and sounds of beauty were not a luxury but a necessity, who had "lived among the Olympians, breathing perfumed air"—a world in which the heart might break, but taste would never be shocked, eye and ear never be outraged—a world of graceful forms and harmonious colors; of voices softly modulated, the very accent speaking of culture and leisure, the absence of hurry and business, and the wear and tear of harsh work to keep the wolf from the door. And this new and awful life that she had read about sometimes as a child, and looked upon in vague wondering pity, as children of ready sympathies and warm imaginations will—looked down upon from among the "golden exhalations" of the bright world so far above it—this life that had seemed so unreal, so cruel, had been for two years daily, hourly, before her eyes; and to-night she stood on its threshold. She saw herself, pale and haggard, in garb of shame, a mocking spectre of her former self, moving in the monotonous round of that dismal existence. Last night she was the central figure in a splendid assembly; the crowd came round her when she entered; her smiles were sought, her most careless words listened to with attention; the light of jewels flashed with her every movement, the sheen of satin and glitter of cloth of gold. To-morrow would see her in a prison-cell, in shapeless garment of serge, while hands that had toyed with the jewelled fan or wandered over the ivory keys did the prisoner's ignoble task; not commanding now, but obeying; shut out from life and hope; knowing there was music beyond these prison walls she could not hear, beauty she could not see, voices that were of a sphere in which she had no part or lot now, in a world of blasphemy and quarrelling, of ignoble triumph over the great lady brought low. The hideousness of depravity, the ugliness of debased humanity, were to be Vera Calderon's surroundings. For how long? She looked at her delicate hands. Would they give her hard work to do? Perhaps not—at first—until she got used to the changed life—used to that awful routine of rising up and lying down, of walking round a paved yard, of sitting in a dreary chapel, and doing an allotted task in an allotted time. There were priceless rings on the hands she clasped and unclasped so often to-night. They were symbols of this life that was passing away from her; they would have nothing to do with that other life. Vivian's ring she would send back to him.

"I can never be more to him than I am now," she said, with white lips that did not tremble. "He kissed me to-night for the last time perhaps—unless I should not live through that prison life, and then they would let him see me when my last hours came. But I think I can live it through—I think I can; they would not give me many years. I shrank from him to-night. I thought my heart would break indeed when he took me in his arms and kissed me; but now I am so glad he came back."

So the dawn broke gray and sad in the eastern sky, and Vera drew aside the curtain and looked out, and watched the light spreading over the heavens—the light of the advancing day that was bringing her fate nearer to her—the day that must part her from Vivian Devereux, perhaps for ever.

"My dear," said Madame Latouche, when the girl met her in the breakfast-room, "you look deathly; you give yourself no rest."

She did not like to say how startled she felt; but Vera saw it in her eyes. She merely answered however—

"I cannot rest. I shall not rest again;" and she bent over Alba.

"You will go back to him now, Alba," she half whispered. "I wonder if you will remember me when I am in prison!"

An hour later she summoned the head-footman to her boudoir.

"William, she said, "I expect Mr. Everest to-day—he comes on very important business. Let him be shown into the library at once; but remember I am not at home to any one else—not even to Miss Morton and M. de Saint Leon. This is my strict command."

And William retired, wondering at these unusual orders.

Half an hour later he knocked at the door again. Vera, walking up and down, stopped, and calmly bade him enter. The servant handed her a card.

"Mr. Everest is in the library, madam."

"Thank you. I will come directly."

So Saint Leon's card had been handed to her with almost the same words, and she had waited for him in this very room—waited for Vivian Devereux—the man for whom she was now going to lay down more than her life. That day she had gone to meet a lover—to-day an awful fate that must tear her from his arms for ever.

She paused not a moment. There was neither tremor or hesitation. She passed quickly down the stairs, and did not even halt outside the library door, but opened it at once and went in.

Percy Everest stood at the further end of the room, and as Vera advanced he scanned face and form with a keen and questioning look. Her face was always without a color; now her very lips were almost bueless, and in her stern hopeless eyes there was a strong glitter. She was clothed entirely in black velvet, and that morning garb enhanced the effect of the whole picture. She looked, moved, dressed like a woman going to her death. A thrill of awe, almost of fear, passed through Everest as he gazed at this most unhappy girl; but not one thought of relenting flashed into his mind.

Vera, paused a few paces from where Everest stood, rested her hand lightly on the table; and at that moment Everest caught the flash of Vivian's ring, and a sudden fierce gleam in his eyes seemed to answer it. She saw this; but there was no change in her own face, as she said very quietly—

"After what passed the other night, I expected you to-day, and I can anticipate what you are about to say; but I will hear you out."

"There is little to say, Vera," said Everest, watching her while he spoke. "You have but to recall what I told you six months ago, when the first news of Vivian Devereux's death reached London. I am simply here now to reiterate those words. I have given the grace that the customs of society demand. Six months may seem short to form new ties, even if the old had not been so rudely and cruelly broken; but I have suffered you long enough to play with me—almost defy me. You hope doubtless that death may haply intervene and rob me of victory; cherish such a hope no longer. There is no mercy—no drawing back. You would willingly slay me as I stand here; but would you more willingly face the alternative of defying me—now too that Vivian Devereux is dead?"

He leaned forward a little as he ceased speaking, and laid his clenched hand on the table as though to enforce those merciless words; but Vera did not move. He could see the velvet bodice rise and fall over the laboring heart—that was all.

She answered him at once in a steady, even voice, and looked at him with some subtle change in her eyes that grew upon him while she spoke.

"You are wrong, I cherish no hope—I know that there is neither mercy nor drawing back. How should there be? Cruel and dastard you have been from the beginning—cruel and dastard you will be to the end. You think"—as he smiled a little scornfully at these last words—"that you can afford me—as you once told me—the barren pleasure of stinging words, since in your hands rests the ultimate triumph. For that reason you bore with me when I poured contempt on you; the bird might struggle in the net, and beat its wings and cry out against its captor—you could look on and laugh. You deemed the net secure; but what if a mesh were broken? What if the bird broke loose and escaped?"

"The simile hardly holds good," said Everest. "Listen to me again, Vera. Let me once more place the case clearly before you, and give you your choice for the last time. You need my silence; that silence must be bought—the price is yourself. I will take none other. I know"—now he leaned forward again and spoke with a cruel emphasis—"that while Vivian Devereux lived you hoped against hope. You loved him, and you love him still. You will love him always; but what is there to hope for now? What can stand between you and the vital necessity of keeping the truth hidden to the end?"

Like a mantle assumed at will the stony calm Vera had hitherto preserved fell from her. Not that she spoke even now with any violent display of emotion; but in face and mien, in every tone of the voice, there were the surge and quiver of a passion that shook her like a tempest.

"You tell me," she said, "that you have suffered me to play with you long enough—that the hour of reckoning has come, and the victim must be ready! The victim is ready, but not for the sacrifice you seek. I have played with you—fooled you—yes, though I was in your power—fooled you into believing that I would sacrifice soul and body to purchase your silence—you who from the beginning have been a traitor—who sought the hospitality to be within reach of revenge, and embraced in that revenge those who had wrought no wrong, striving by pitiful slander, to injure a man who was guiltless towards you and yours—hating him as base minds hate, because he had all that you lacked, and because he saw you were not what you seemed, and distrusted you, and not only because he was Chandos-Devereux—you who taunted that man with cruel insult when the shame you knew to be unmerited fell on him! Has not all this been enough, but must you fill up the measure to overflowing, and claim no less a price for the silence that honor and mercy should keep—if kept at all—than the hand of the woman who, in giving it to you, must give up with it present honor, love, peace and all hope in the future? Never—no, not for one moment, so help me Heaven, did I dream of sin so black, of misery so blank, as becoming your wife! I played with you, fooled you—aye, let me repeat it—I tried to put off the evil day; but I never meant, when it came, to buy security from the world's contumely by a deadly sin, stripped of all that can plead for mercy, without even the excuse of love!"

Everest had listened to Vera without interruption, at first too utterly amazed for even the thought of it, afterwards held silent by fierce anger, strangely blended with awe of this splendid haughty woman, who heaped such bitter scorn upon him, who defied him with such passion. But, when she ceased and stood facing him, a flush on her cheek now, her dark eyes burning, her left hand, on which the diamond flashed and scintillated—she wore no other jewels there to-day—grasping the golden cross on her breast, but still trembling, then the man regained the power of speech and action, and struck his own hand on the table with such violence that a slender glass ornament standing on it was shivered into fragments.

"Do you tempt fate?" he said, through his teeth. "Do you dare to stand before me and tell me you have fooled me from the beginning, and will brave the worst rather than become my wife? Be it so then! I take up the gage you have thrown down. And remember that when I place my foot on the path your own hand has indicated I will not turn back, though you kneel to implore me!"

"Kneel to you, Percy Everest! Well, I have stooped so low that you may have some right to believe I could be guilty of even this degradation. I have endured your insolent triumph, your merciless manifestations of power, but I think my very limbs would fail me before they bent in humiliation of appeal before you. No, I shall ask nothing of you. I ask nothing now. I offer you your choice—not between what you have played for and vengeance—the first is lost—but between the revenge that lies ready to your hand and that which I shall give as an alternative; and I know"—she spoke with undisguised scorn—"that you will simply choose that which will best carry out your purpose. You cannot have the broad lands of Temple Rest and the *status* of its lord; you want revenge. It is yours."

"It is mine, by Heaven! I see the mean-

ing of your sudden resolution. It is this Count Saint Leon who has steeled you to defiance—the truth would not be a barrier between you and Devereux's cousin."

As he uttered those words, he strode forward towards the door; but Vera stepped before him.

"Hold!" she cried, with a voice and manner that perforce arrested his steps. "First hear me; then—if you—if, for your life's sake, you dare—I am weighing every word I utter—go to M de Saint Leon and repeat to him the whole truth, and add to it the charge you have this minute brought against me."

She saw that her words produced an immediate effect. The man was a coward at heart; his face turned white; he fell back involuntarily.

"I will hear you," he said, assuming a sneering tone which did not for a moment deceive her.

Vera laid her hand on the chair again, but it was quite steady now. In her next words she took the final step and sealed her fate.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"YOUR surest way to be revenged on me," she said, "is to keep silence still, and suffer me to be condemed as the murderess of Marmaduke Devereux."

Perfect silence ensued. Vera was measuring the effect of this first move in the game; and it was what she had foreseen Everest drew back, gazing at her wonderingly, at first hardly seeming to comprehend her meaning; but, as it grew upon him, the truth being strengthened by the memory of words she had spoken from time to time that flashed back upon him fraught with a new significance, his manner changed. His mind, quick and keen, if not brilliant or profound, saw what he deemed the flaw in her armor. He could not however go farther and perceive that Vera Calderon was not a woman to leave a joint for her enemy's arrow to pierce.

"A noble sacrifice of self," he muttered, with a sneer; "and no doubt your plan has been well matured! You can easily reduce the crime to manslaughter—you, a young and beautiful woman, an heiress, and a leader of society. A year's imprisonment and you would be free again, and Count Saint Leon would overlook the crime, and the silence that allowed his cousin to suffer; or perhaps you would tell him the truth, and he would pity rather than blame you. No, Vera Calderon; you have refused me your hand with bitterest scorn—you shall feel the full weight of mine."

"As you will. You think that I have learned already to forget Vivian Devereux, that I only seek to avert a shame that would be a barrier between M de Saint Leon and myself. But first let me ask you one question. If Vivian Devereux were living, would you make the choice you have made now? Would you have no cause to fear him? You know him to be a man of fierce passions and strong will; you knew that, if a priceless friend, he would be a dangerous enemy; and more—I tell you this—and who should know him better than I?—that the truth would not part him from me. For all I have suffered he would love me, if that were possible, the more deeply. The sin and the shame were not mine; he would bow even his pride for his love's sake. Ay, Percy Everest, you know not, you cannot know, what such a man will do and dare for the woman who loves him and has borne what I have borne for his sake!"

Did there for one moment shoot across that man's evil nature a ray of light, a yearning to comprehend, if even but vaguely, the sublimity of self-sacrifice shown to him here, the wonderful power of love and devotion that Vera Calderon painted in colors glowing with the vividness of faith and trust? If so, that light passed quickly—too brief in its passage to leave a transient trace in the cruel eyes, a quiver on the cruel lips.

"If Vivian Devereux were alive!" he said slowly. "Is this a time for chimeras—for raising false issues? If you have a motive, I cannot fathom it."

"I have a motive—a simple one."

Throughout this interview no change in him, however slight, had escaped Vera's singularly penetrating gaze, and she saw how he started and quailed at the mere thought conjured by her supposition, the dread of Vivian Devereux's vengeance. The game was her own now. She leaned over the back of the chair, and fixed her clear stern eyes on his face with a trace of mockery in their luminous depths.

"I put, as you thought, a chimerical case," she said steadily, "to see how you would meet the idea. But it was no chimera that I placed before you. Vivian Devereux is living."

"Living!" Vivian Devereux living!"

The words dropped slowly from his livid lips, as if each one were wrung from him by some invisible and irresistible power. He stood gazing at her blankly for full a minute; and she, unflinching—nay, with an almost fierce triumph in her eyes now—met that gaze and bore it down. There he saw all clearly.

"So," he said at last, in a voice so changed and hoarse that it hardly seemed his own, "Rohan, Count of Saint Leon, is Vivian Devereux—this man who affected not to know me, not to have heard my name, is Devereux of Rougemont, who told me he would horsewhip me like a dog wherever he met me! Did he think—did you think—I should ever forget that? If I had not hated him for his very name's sake, I would have treasured that threat to hurl back at him one day. Ay"—he was trembling as he spoke with repressed fury—the passion of such men has in it always something tigerish—"ay, and his answer to me in the court room—and, by Heaven, his *kouteur* to me now—for I read it aright! The prophecy has been fulfilled, the pride of that accursed house has been brought low, its honor wounded; but let the drama be played out to the end. You have acted your parts well, you and your lover, Vera Calderon; what a pity it is destiny did not place two such actors on the stage—that the tragedy is one of real life!"

"Yes, it was well played," assented the girl, in a quiet passionless kind of manner, singularly at variance with the strong emotion that had preceded it; "and you do well, Mr. Everest, for your own sake, to remember what Vivian Devereux said to you—that he would not forget it if you brought shame to Tredegar's daughter by coupling her name with his. Would he be more merciful if he knew what far more bitter cause he had for vengeance?"

Everest folded his arms. He quailed again, and she saw it; but he had art enough not to show openly how sharp a shock of fear the knowledge of the supposed French Count's true identity had given him, and self-control was assisted by the further knowledge that it rested with him whether Vivian Devereux should learn the truth.

Everest did not immediately answer Vera. He stood silent, his mind dwelling on the two subjects so closely interwoven—the fact that Vivian Devereux lived, and the terrible revenge, worse than shame and banishment, that Vera had wilfully placed, as it were, in the hollow of his hand. Percy Everest was not a man of volcanic passions; his hatred was malignant, taking count of trifles—relentless, with the cruelty of a temperament incapable of passionate love, but in which—as is often the case, as though in compensation—vindictiveness has the power of a passion, possessing that grim ferocity which, when the prey is secured, is it not in haste to destroy it, but watches it with a quiet pleasure, and can think clearly over all collateral issues, past, present, and future. So Everest's mind rested now at first on the disclosure Vera had made, and it seemed strange that no suspicion of the truth had ever crossed him.

The matter was so simple, after all. His own words, carelessly uttered at Chandos Royal, had been verified; Vivian had personated his cousin, and no man had discovered him. It was some consolation to reflect that Vivian himself had acted his part with such consummate art that those who had known him well had found no cause to suspect who the pseudo-count really was; and the story told by Alphonse was carefully contrived to make the whole world believe Chandos-Devereux dead, and so disarm suspicion of the Count Saint Leon, if it should arise, while it was so vague to shut the door on proof and secure to the seeming trustee the rule of his own property. Then Everest turned to the thought of the fell revenge by which he could trample on the heart of the man he hated and the woman who had scorned and defied him. He weighed all, he considered every point; and then he spoke.

"I have read," he said, his eyes travelling slowly upwards to Vera's face; after pausing for a moment to rest on Vivian's betrothal ring—"I have read in heroic legends of women who gave themselves a willing sacrifice for those they loved. The story of modern life, the story of Vera Calderon, will match the noblest of those tales. You would restore the banished lord of Chandos and Rougemont to land and honor—restore him to the goodwill of the world—give him back his spotless name, his glorious career; yet in doing this you rob the casket of its most priceless jewel—you restore the field of ambition, but rob the heart of life and light. He must lose you for ever, he must believe you guilty of crime, cowardice, and treachery"—he watched her narrowly to see if she flinched, but there was not the quiver of a muscle, not even a momentary dilation of the eyes shining with the steadfast light of high resolve; "to save your fatal secret, and to save Vivian Devereux, you fling yourself into the breach, and place an everlasting barrier between his life and yours. He might break through the barrier of a reflected disgrace; but he would not dare to so brave the world as to take to wife the woman whose hand, even under dire provocation, had shed his own brother's blood—the woman who, for that crime, had endured imprisonment and who—far worse—had suffered the man who loved her and trusted her with such unquestioning faith to bear all the burden of the crime."

"Do I need your lips to tell me all this?" asked Vera calmly. "You have chosen your revenge; gloat over its sweetness in silence and alone. I know no reason why this interview should be prolonged."

She moved slightly from her position, as though she would turn to the door.

"Stay!" cried Everest; and she paused in haughty impatience. "Before you and I part," he went on, "there are three questions that have to be considered. The first regards Adeline——"

"I understand," interrupted Vera; "but a moment's thought, Mr. Everest, might have assured you that I could be trusted in so simple a matter of business. My solicitors will be instructed; and, so long as the conditions are fulfilled, Mrs Gresham-Faulkner can retain her chance of winning a coronet. Your next question I believe I can divine. You would say—Suppose I am not believed? That risk must be incurred by you as well as by me; but remember this—that I have no apparent motive for making the disclosure except the one I shall give—remorse. Vivian Devereux's disguise has not even been suspected. What is the third question?"

"This. What if Chandos-Devereux refuses to believe you—what if he seeks the truth from your lips? Vera Calderon, with all your rare strength of will, you are a woman—and you love him."

"What can you know of a woman's love, Percy Everest?" questioned Vera, with a contempt too deep for passion. "Do you tremble already for the success of your revenge? Truly it were a happier lot to be a very outcast—a life of shame and a pauper's coffin—than to be your wife. Leave me now. I might hope that I should see your face no more, but that I know I shall see it once again when I am led forth a condemned prisoner. You will come to look on me and taunt me as you taunted him! That touches you. You feel the lash—you wince, and fear also! Ay, I can read your coward soul," she said slowly; "and you might have reason enough to fear me—for, if ever woman owed to a man a debt of deadly hatred, I owe that debt to you, Percy Everest—yet so great is my scorn that I can scarcely think I hate you. Are you answered?"

"By Heaven, yes!" said Everest, and an evil light gleamed in his eyes. "The tongue that can drop such gall is best sealed in a prison-house." He laid his hand on the door, paused, and looked back. "I shall see you again," he said. "You have dared, defied, despised, tricked me, in your last moments of freedom: I will come to look on your fall, and see what the world thinks of you, and how you face that world in which you were—are, for this one day more—a queen."

Her features, her mien, were sublime as she turned to him.

"A queen I shall still be—even then," she said. "Yes, come and see me; let a coward see how a brave spirit meets its fate."

The barbed shaft was hurled back at him. As she stood before him, he gazed at her a moment dazzled, abashed; the magnitude of the whole awful sacrifice she was making was revealed to him and the vision appalled him. He hid his face from her and went out, and the door was closed between them.

She stood, for fully five minutes after she was alone, like one stricken with catalepsy—motionless, with locked hands, face and form as rigid as if wrought in marble. Then suddenly she staggered, caught blindly at the chair near her, and fell forward on her knees—sank lower, and lay prostrate on the floor. For the first time in a life of agony the oblivion so often vainly yearned for closed over the broken heart.

* * * * *

The library bell rang, and William, Vera's special attendant, hastened to answer it. His mistress rose from the table, where she had been writing.

"William," she said quietly, "take my regards to Madame Latouche and ask her kindly to excuse me from joining her at luncheon to-day, as I must go out on business that cannot wait. Then order the brougham to come round at once. Lastly, take this letter yourself to M. de Saint Leon's chambers in the Albany, and deliver it to Alphonse or to the Count—to no one else."

"Yes, madame," William looked wistfully in his mistress's face, and sighed heavily as he left the room.

Twenty minutes later Vera stepped into the brougham, and the footman asked where the coachman was to drive her.

"To Bow Street," she said, in her usual clear soft tones and distinct enunciation.

Yet the man thought he could not have heard correctly.

"I beg pardon, madame?" he said hesitatingly.

"To Bow Street," repeated Vera. "Bow Street police-station."

"The police-station?" said the coachman in a wondering undertone, when he received the message. "What in the world for? There's been no robbery—nor nothing!"

"That was my orders," returned the footman; and he stood on the pavement and watched the brougham out of sight. "Bow Street police-station!" he muttered in bewilderment. "What can my lady want there? But then," he added philosophically, and not very appositely, "Miss Calderon was never like other people."

And he returned to the house, and communicated in the servants' hall the intelligence that Miss Calderon had gone to Bow Street police-station. But they thought he was joking, and only laughed at him.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"HAS any one called, Alphonse?" asked Devereux, as, returning from the Travellers, he met his faithful servant on the stairs.

"No one, monsieur," was the reply; "but several letters have been left—one from Mrs Gresham Faulkner, and some——" Alphonse laughed with privileged familiarity, and shrugged his shoulders.

Vivian's haughty brow contracted slightly—not on account of the laugh and the shrug, but impatient of the cause. He entered the sitting room and, without removing his overcoat—the sabled ulster Mrs. Wyndham had so much admired a few days before—sat down and glanced carelessly over the numerous letters awaiting him. Scented notes had lost their charm for the knightly Devereux, loyal to the one Leila, who held "each thought;" half-a-dozen tinted *billets-doux* were flung contemptuously into the fire without even being opened; and then, with a smile that the lady, if she had seen it, might scarcely have liked, he broke the seal of Mrs. Gresham-Faulkner's letter—a prettily-worded hope that he would honor her assembly next Wednesday. She had not seen him yet since his return to town—surely he would not disappoint her? What had become of the Count's gallantry, that he sent this dainty epistle after its sisters? But he was by no means certain whether he would accept the invitation or no. Scarcely had the last spark of the fire expired when the door opened, and Alphonse came in and handed his master a letter.

"William has just brought it, monsieur, from Carlton-house Terrace. He did not wait for an answer. He says there is none."

It was nothing strange that Vera Calderon should have written to him—it might be on the same matter of business; yet Vivian's heart beat with a strange vague feeling of apprehension as he opened the letter. The first lines made him spring to his feet with a passionate exclamation—

"Great Heaven, what can this mean?"

A mist swept before his eyes—his brain reeled; but, with a fierce effort of self-control, he mastered himself and read the unhappy letter to the end.

"I cannot endure longer," Vera wrote, in characters clear and sharply defined, bearing no traces of the anguish that must have racked her while she wrote them, "this life of deception and treason. Your perfect love breaks my heart; your faith is bitterest reproach. You would not believe me when I warned you—confession almost on my lips—that the idol you worshipped was but clay. Yet you have discovered that there is some weight on my heart that I will not suffer you to share. You tell me you must know the truth—that you must see me and wring it from me. Vivian, I cannot face you—I dare not; but it needed not this terror to make me confess the truth that will clear your name, for the burden of this sin is crushing me, and I can better endure the eternal separation from you—better endure the loss of your love—than to live a lie. For more than two years, Vivian, you have carried the curse of my crime—if crime that was not—before Heaven I say it—wrought by wilful intent. My hand took Marmaduke Devereux's life; but I had not thought to kill him. It was an act of sudden passion; for he met me in the heat of baffled anger and jealousy, and spoke to me violently and insolently. What need to write more to you? I dare not ask forgiveness; but it is not too late for some atonement. I can never atone to you for your faith betrayed, your life made desolate. When you read this I shall have made public confession of the wrong done to you. Your noble heart would plead for silence still—would spare me this shame. But that must not be. I asked you once, Vivian, to remember me at my best. I ask you now to think how I suffered you to bear my sin—how your love has been wasted and your trust betrayed! Oh, would that I had never seen your face, Vivian Devereux!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GOOD AND BAD NEWS.—Bad news weakens the action of the heart, oppresses the lungs, destroys the appetite, stops the digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face; fear blanches, joy illuminates it; and an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Surprise spurs the pulse into a gallop. Delirium infuses great energy. Volition commands, and hundreds of muscles spring to excite. Powerful emotions often kill the body at a stroke. Chilo, Diagoras, and Sophocles died of joy at the Grecian games. The news of defeat killed Philip V. One of the popes died of an emotion of the ludicrous on seeing his pet monkey robed in pontificals, occupying the chair of state. Muley Moloch was carried upon the field of battle in the first stages of an incurable disease; upon seeing his army give way, he rallied his panic-stricken troops, rolled back the tide of battle, shouted victory, and died. The doorkeeper of Congress expired on hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers have often died in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that produced it has suddenly subsided. Lagrave, the young Parisian, died when he heard that the musical prize for which he had competed was adjudged to another.

THE REASON WHY.

BY E. L.

My little love, your sunny curls are golden;
And, pretty one, your laughing eyes are blue,
How strange to have a lover, gray and olden,
Whose years are many, but whose heart is true!
Listen, my little love, and I shall tell
The reason why I love my darling well.

For many years ago, so runs the story,
I held a softly yielding hand in mine;
In her bright eyes there was the self-same glory
Of loveliness and truth I find in thine.
If you were older, dear one, you could guess
That, loving her, I could not love you less.

My child, 'tis beautiful to live life over—
The sweetness of love's perfume never dies,
You are my loved one; I am still a lover,
I find her soul reflected in your eyes,
And she is looking on us from above;
Then kiss your grandpapa, my little love!

Little Love.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

BESSIE, come; nurse is waiting! Run, now, and let her attend to your curls; you must look very neat, or Mr. Irving will not love you. It is almost dinner-time," said Bessie's mother.

Immediately the child rose, raised her sweet lips to kiss mamma, and followed the nurse from the room.

"It is perfectly wonderful how much influence Mr. Irving has over that child! Just tell her to do anything and say it will please him, and that is enough. I never saw anything like it," said Mrs Wallace to a friend sitting beside her, who answered:

"I have, and would not encourage—or rather would strenuously endeavor to overcome—that influence."

"Now, my dear Georgie, what is troubling that wise head of yours? What means that grave look and anxious light in your eyes?"

"Fannie, I'm perfectly astonished at people whose duty it is to watch over and guard their little ones, especially their girls from sorrows, planting in their young hearts seeds which may grow to be thorns, and treating children as though they were void of any deeper thought and feeling than the appreciation of a doll or box of toys. I am sure that some children of five years have hearts that love as devotedly and suffer as keenly as many of mature years. You are shaking your head. I want to tell you a little story to prove my assertion. We have half an hour before dinner. Will you listen?"

"Yes, certainly; but it must have a happy ending," answered Mrs Wallace.

"I cannot promise: perhaps the end has not yet come. You know Hattie Roy?"

"I do, certainly, a lovelier girl I never knew. Why she has never married has been a source of wonder to me."

"Ay, and to many who know her not so well as I. It is of her I am going to tell you.

"Twenty-five years ago, when just at the age of your Bessie—and just as loving too—a young man crossed her path. We will call him Joe Hewberry. He was the class mate and dearest friend of Hattie's brother.

"At a party given during the Christmas holidays by Mrs Roy Joe, to pique one of the girls attached himself for the evening to little Hattie, dancing with her, promenading through the rooms, with her tiny hands clasped in his, much to the annoyance of many bright eyed maidens, who really were envious of the baby-girl.

"Joe was handsome and very fascinating, a universal favorite with the ladies, young and old.

"Several mammas endeavored to draw him away from his 'little-love' as he called her and maneuvred to get her from him; but all in vain until wearily the sunny head drooped and with her arms around his neck her sweet lips giving the good-night kiss she sank to sleep. Gently then he resigned her to her nurse's care.

"Every day from that time he came to the house. His home was quite near. At the sound of his voice, Hattie sprang forward with outstretched arms to meet him. I have seen her, with her hands in his, looking up into his face for hours, seeming perfectly happy.

"Of course, this was noticed by the family and commented upon. The child's older sisters and brothers could win her to their will by saying:

"'I'll tell Mr. Hewberry if you don't, and he won't love you then.'

"Daily she gathered a little bouquet for him and when the autumn days came and the flowers were few, the 'little love' would watch closely the slowly opening buds, lest someone else should get them.

"So the days passed by for two years and then for a time she was to be separated from the one she had grown to love so dearly.

"She clung round his neck, and begged to be with him when the hour of parting came. With promises of a speedy return he managed to soothe her.

"His absence was short. He returned, bringing her for a Christmas present a pretty little chain, to which was attached a locket with his portrait.

"For Joe she learned to read, to write; for him she would grow brave, and, with his hand holding hers, had her first tooth drawn.

"When ill with fever, tossing restlessly from side to side, his hand could always quiet, his voice soothe. Without murmur she would take from him the most nauseous doses.

"'How will all this end?' I asked her mother once.

"And lightly she replied, 'Oh, all right, of course. She will learn to love someone nearer her own age when the proper time comes; and he will be married long before then. He has a distant cousin, to whom, I am inclined to think, he is engaged. I am sure their parents are anxious for their union.'

"As Hattie grew older, a little shyness crept gradually into her manner. Still the love was there.

"Once, in a moment of confidence, she came to me, and asked, 'Do you believe Mr. Hewberry likes anyone better than me? Fred says he does—that he remained by her all the time at the party last night. I wish I was old enough to go to parties! And I wish—indeed I do——'

"'What, Hettie?' I asked, as she hesitated.

"'I wish Cora Cushing didn't live in this world—indeed I do!" nodding her head decidedly, while striving to force back the tears.

"'Oh, Hettie! this is dreadful!' I said, drawing her within my arms.

"'Well then, I wish Mr. Hewberry and I lived somewhere else, where Cora Cushing wouldn't come,' she sobbed.

"I assured her that Joe did not love Cora Cushing; that Fred was only teasing her.

"When she was ten years old, Joe was called suddenly away by the severe illness of his nearest relative, an uncle.

"There was only time for a hasty 'Good-bye, my little love! Make haste to grow fast, and be a tall girl when I come back,' he said, kissing her.

"His going was so sudden, she did not seem to realize it. I was glad that it was so. But how I pitied the little thing when, day after day, as she had done for years, she sat and watched!

"Time passed on; the pretty child grew to be a beautiful maiden. Youths gathered about her, and friends had ceased to talk of Joe. Other names were mentioned as his had been; yet none could win an answering smile or blush. I knew for whom her love was kept.

"The waiting, yearning look in her eyes gave way at last, and a joyous light broke forth. Joe was coming back. A letter to her brother Fred brought the glad tidings. He wrote:

"'I've a secret to tell you, dear boy! But, no; I'll keep it for a surprise, in which you will rejoice for my sake, I am sure. In a few days I shall be with you.'

"'Joe.'

"Again, as in her baby days, Hattie began her watching. Oh, I knew her heart was singing a joyous song, though the sweet lips gave forth no sound.

"She stood in the porch, waiting his coming, clothed in fleecy white, roses in her hair, and a bright smile playing on her face.

"'Hattie!'

"Fred came towards her. The boy's face had lost its usual look of merriment, his voice its careless tone.

"'Hettie, Joe came by the train awhile ago'—he paused, darting an anxious, searching glance at his sister's face—and he was not alone. I'll not let him surprise you, little sis. I've hurried home to tell you his wife is with him.'

"The light went out of eye and heart. The blush faded quickly on the young face, and whiter than the dress she wore, was the hand put forth to grasp the balustrade.

"Fred sprang forward to catch her fainting form. Like a broken lily he bore her in. And when Joe came she knew it not.

"For many days her gentle spirit hovered between life and death. Sometimes, since, I've almost regretted that it passed not away.

"She has never seen Joe Hewberry since his marriage. Three years after, she sent to his little girl, who bears her name, the chain and locket she used to wear."

"Where is he now?" Mrs. Wallace inquired.

"I've not heard of him for years; I know not if he lives."

"Thanks for your story, Georgie. But I wish its ending had not been so sad."

"Then its lesson would have been less powerful."

"True. I must profit by it without delay. I will send Bessie home with mother to morrow. The change will do her good, and break the spell."

* * * * *

A few days after this, Georgie Clark came to see Bessie's mother and said, with a bright smile:

"I've come to change the ending of my story of the other day. In fact, the end had not then come. Here are Hattie's wedding cards; her Joe has been a widower over two years. Hear what she writes to me:

"'Forgive me for keeping my happiness from you, my dear friend, but I have not been able to realize sufficiently that this great joy was for me to speak to others. Now that it is so near, and he is with me, surely it must be. You, who have known so much, must know all now. He loved and was pledged to her before he knew me. You will be glad to know this; I was. Had I known it, it would have soothed greatly the agony of bygone days.'

"We were at Hattie's wedding yesterday; a happier, lovelier bride I never saw."

A Husband's Hint.

BY CLARK MONTLEIGH.

WOMEN, in some things, are so silly and ridiculous!"

Here John Harding laid down the magazine article he had been reading, and which had for its theme the apparently inexhaustible one—the follies and shortcomings of the sex to which he had alluded.

Mrs. Harding glanced up from the bow she was fashioning to the solemn face of the speaker.

"In some things! That is encouraging, surely! I've known numbers of men that were silly and ridiculous in so many. What is it now, I wonder?"

Loftily oblivious to the quiet sarcasm in these words, Mr. Harding continued.

"Just look at the way they dress, for instance."

"Oh!"

"Not only devoid of common sense, but of all artistic elegance and beauty."

"Really, John," retorted Mrs. Harding, drawing her needle through her work with so much energy as to snap the thread, "however silly women may be in you estimation, I think they might know how and in what style to dress."

"They might, I suppose," was the cool response; "but that they don't is very evident. Have you read 'Dress, its Relation to Health and Beauty,' in the last 'Monthly'?"

"No," responded Mrs. Harding, with a toss of the head. "It is written by some man, I suppose."

"No matter who it is written by; it is sound sense, every word of it. I wish you would study that article, Mary; it would do you an immense deal of good. I don't mean to say that you haven't sense in a good many things, which surprise me all the more that you should show so little in the way you dress."

Mrs. Harding's red cheeks grew still redder.

"John Harding!"

"There now, Mary, don't fly into a passion because I tell you the truth, and all for your own good. Just look at the trimming on the skirt of your dress, for instance; according to all artistic rule, the line should be unbroken from the waist to the feet, and here it is cut up and destroyed in half a dozen places!"

"Have you ever seen me in a dress whose skirt is entirely plain, or, as you term it, with the line unbroken from waist to feet?"

"No; but I should be glad to do so."

"You would? Have you any further complaint to make? If you have, I beg that you won't be at all backward about stating it."

"I don't mean to be. There's the hat you wear. That is what you call it, I suppose, though for any use it performs it might as well be called anything else; a mass of ribbons, feathers, and flowers piled up as high as possible, and worn upon the back of the head."

"Anything further?"

"Yes. Look at the way that the hair is worn by nine-tenths of the ladies—yours among 'em. Part of it in a snarl on the forehead, and the rest braided and festooned at the back of the head."

"How would you have me arrange it, Mr. Harding?"

"Why, simply drawn back from the forehead and coiled low at the back of the head so as to preserve its classic outline. Something like it is in that picture. See?"

Mrs. Harding glanced at the picture to which her husband pointed—that of a very lovely girl, with small, regular features, and whose wavy hair was loosely knotted at the back.

"Yes, I see. But I don't think you ever saw my hair dressed in that style."

"It would be an immense improvement if you would dress it so. You'd look like quite another person."

"I think I should, but have you no further suggestion to make? Your ideas are so original that they interest me."

"Not at present," returned Mr. Harding, biting off the end of a cigar he intended to light as soon as he got out on the steps.

A few minutes later he put his head back into the room where his wife was sitting.

"I shall be here with the ponies at three, Mary. Don't keep me waiting."

Mrs. Harding belonged to that large class of ladies whose attractions depend more or less on their style of dress, and no one understood this more than she. She knew her strong and weak points, and how to bring out the one and conceal the other.

Mrs. Harding spent the greater part of the morning in the attic overhauling a chest that had belonged to her husband's aunt; apparently well repaid for her trouble by the garments fished up out of its dark depths, and which she carried to her own room.

Out of these she fashioned a dress similar in style to one for which her husband had expressed so much admiration.

"I hate to disfigure myself so!" she thought, as the straight folds fell lankly around the tall, thin form, making it look still more tall and thin; "but nothing else will cure John; and if he keeps on, he'll drive me frantic!"

Then she proceeded to take down the heavy braids of hair, and combing it smoothly from the forehead over the ear, arranging it in a pug low at the back of the head.

"Good gracious! I didn't suppose anything could make me look so much like a fool!" ejaculated Mrs. Harding, as she noted the change it made in her appearance. "But no matter; it's only for once, and I think I can stand it, if he can."

Taking a round, flat hat, very much in vogue a few years ago, and whose only ornament was a ribbon around the crown, Mrs. Harding went down into the parlor.

She did not have long to wait. Ten minutes later John came up to the door, in an open phaeton, drawn by the well-matched grays that were the pride of his heart.

Running up the steps, he opened the door of the room where his wife sat.

He stared at her for a moment in dumb amazement.

"Heaven and earth! Mary, is that you? I thought it was—I don't know what! What have you been doing to yourself?"

"I have been trying to carry out the hints you gave me this morning in regard to dress. I hope it suits you, and that you admire its effect?"

"Well, no," responded Mr. Harding, taking a critical survey of the odd-looking figure before him; "I can't say that I do. To speak plainly, you look like a fright!"

"I must say, John," retorted his wife, with an injured air, "that you are very hard to suit and very unreasonable. I have spent the greater part of the morning in following out the suggestions you gave me at breakfast and still you find fault. What is it now, I'd like to know? Here is the unbroken sweep of skirt; the classic outline of the head—I think that is what you call it. And you surely cannot say that this hat is too high, or that its elegant simplicity—I quote your own words—is destroyed by any superabundance of flowers, feathers, and ribbons."

Mr. Harding turned very red.

"That is all nonsense, Mary. I had only three hours at my disposal, and it's now half-past three. I thought I should find you all ready."

"I shall be ready in half a minute," replied his wife, tying on her hat.

Mr. Harding looked at her in horrified astonishment.

"Do you think that I am going to take you out in such a dress as that? Why, you look like an escaped lunatic!"

Just here the door-bell rang.

"It's Mr. Howe," said Mr. Harding, as he listened to the voice, in reply to the servant who answered it. "He's come expressly to see you. For pity's sake go upstairs and put on something decent. I wouldn't have him see you in that dowdy thing for any consideration!"

"Will you promise——"

"I'll promise anything!" interposed Mr. Harding, drawing his wife towards the door which opened into the back parlor, and through which she disappeared just as their visitor was announced.

In an almost incredibly short space of time Mrs. Harding entered the parlor where her husband and their guest were seated, looking so different that no one not intimately acquainted with her would have recognised her.

Mr Harding drew a long sigh of relief as he looked at the pretty, tastily-attired woman of whom he had often spoken to his friend Howe, and to whom he was so proud to present her.

In the gay and animated conversation that followed and all the pleasant thoughts to which it gave rise, he forgot everything else; not so Mrs Harding. As soon as the door closed after their visitor, she turned her laughing eyes full upon her husband's face.

"Now, John, let us have a fair and clear understanding; I want to suit you, if possible. Which of these two styles of dressing do you wish me to adopt?"

"I shouldn't suppose you'd ask me such a question, Mary. Seeing you once in the peculiar costume you assumed is quite enough for me, I assure you."

"I assumed it to please you—don't forget that."

"You've failed in your object, then. To speak frankly, I didn't suppose it possible for you to look so downright ugly in anything."

"You are not over complimentary," she replied, laughing. "But no matter; if you are satisfied, I am. Don't look so crestfallen, John; you are not a bit more inconsistent than the rest of your sex, who give ours so much sage advice in regard to matters they know nothing about. If the wives and daughters of these modern Solomons should dress as they advise other people's wives and daughters to do, they wouldn't be seen in the street with them."

Family jarring vulgarises; union elevates.

THE COMING OF WINTER.

BY SYLVIA A. MOSS.

Winter will soon be here.
What shall we do, you and I?
Sit by our own warm fires, think you, and sigh,
You and I?
Oh, how cold it is out of doors,
How the snow flies, how the wind roars.
Deary, deary! how dreary!

Winter will soon be here.
This we must do, you and I:
Go buy stockings and shoes, and at least try,
You and I
To make somebody's spirit gay;
Then we shall never, never say
Deary, deary! how dreary!

Winter will soon be here.
What shall we give, you and I?
Of soup a steaming bowl, or some wood or coal,
You and I?
Go help the poor, that they may smile,
And we shall never think the while
Deary, deary! how dreary!

Unselfish Devotion.

BY MAUD MURRAY.

AT first, as Harley Grey entered the library, it seemed to be untenanted.

But a second glance showed him a slight figure crouched into a corner of a huge sofa. All that was visible of her face was wet with tears, which were trickling through the tiny hands which covered her eyes.

What could have happened to thus disturb little Edna's equanimity?

Harley went to her and laid his hand upon her dishevelled curls with a kindly—

"What is the trouble, Edna?"

She looked up at the sound of his voice, and her lips quivered like those of a grieved child.

"Oh, Harley," she said, with a sob, "read that!"

Then Harley saw that an open letter lay on the rug which spread its velvety softness before the sofa.

As he acquainted himself with its contents a flash of indignation came into his eyes.

"What does this mean?" he asked. "Have you and Chester quarrelled?"

"No," said Edna, piteously.

"Then he shall answer for this! Troth-plights are not so easily broken!"

But with sudden dignity Edna rose.

"No, Harley," she said; "the truest kindness will be to never again mention his name to me."

Harley looked at her in surprise.

Could this dignified girl be his gentle Edna? He had not given her credit for so much spirit.

"You are right," he said at last. "But do not dim those bright eyes with tears for the recreant. He is not worth one precious drop."

Edna's answer was a burst of fresh sobs

It was agony to Harley to hear them, and as he tried to soothe her he inwardly vowed vengeance on the false lover who had won the heart he himself had vainly coveted, only to cast it aside.

Edna Mordaunt was the orphan ward of Harley's father, who had taken her to his own home after the death of her parents.

So Harley had witnessed the unfolding of all the sweet graces of character which made the girl so attractive as she grew into womanhood.

He had learned to love her with all the strength of his nature.

But her feeling towards him was only the gentle attachment of a sister for an adopted brother—which was the title she gave him.

While he was in the last year of his college course the news had come to him in a letter written by Edna's own hand, that with his father's full sanction she had promised to marry one who was the noblest and best of men.

Every word of the artless outpouring of her love for, and faith in, Chester Lane was like a stab to Harley.

But his was a nature calculated to bear suffering bravely.

So when he returned home again, he met Edna with a calm face—listened to her girlish confidences about her lover—and was to all appearance the same Harley to whom the girl had always told her childish sorrows, and in whom she had found an unfailing friend and sympathiser when the rest of the worldly, fashionable household were too much engrossed with their *fetes* and parties to spend time in comforting the wee thing who had been added to their number.

He stood in silent distress for a time listening to Edna's sobs.

An intense longing to take her in his arms and comfort her—to tell her how dearly he himself loved her, and to entreat her to become his own precious wife, and thus prove to her faithless lover that his perfidy had not broken her heart—almost overmastered him.

But he conquered himself, and when he at last spoke no one could have told of the struggle he had passed through.

"Do not cry, Edna," he said, gently. "It is far better to learn of Chester's fickleness now than later. You must try and forget"

"Oh, Harley, I cannot! I love him! I wish I could die!"

"No, Edna, do not say that. Think of those who prize you as a miser prizes his gold. Do not wish to break their hearts."

Edna's answer was a smile so sad that it was more touching than her tears.

But she made a brave effort to be calm.

The thought that in giving way to her sorrow she was occasioning pain to another was the most effectual of tonics to her loving, unselfish nature.

Harley did not tell Edna of his intention to seek out Chester Lane and learn the cause of his conduct.

But that was the real motive which actuated him in securing a passage upon a steamer.

It was not long before he reached Florence, where Edna's lover had gone to study painting with some of the modern masters.

Harley soon found himself at the door of Chester's studio.

But it was to find it closed.

The young artist was at death's door with brain fever.

The kindly Italian who answered Harley's questions about him pointed to his forehead and shook his head significantly.

"The young man was very strange long before he gave up," he said, in his imperfect English.

The truth flashed into Harley's mind.

Overwork and illness had probably unsettled Chester Lane's mind, and that was the cause of his incoherent, abrupt letter to Edna.

He lost no time in stationing himself at his bedside.

Weary days passed before the fever turned, leaving the invalid weak as an infant, but with his mind unclouded.

As his eyes rested upon Harley, a strangely wistful expression stole into them—a mingling of sorrow and of repressed longing.

Then, as memory resumed its full sway, he turned his head to the wall, as though to shut out all sights and sounds of the outside world.

Harley said nothing, thinking it best to await Chester's own time for explanation.

At last he turned and asked, feebly—

"Did she send you?"

"No."

And Harley's voice was unnaturally cold in his endeavor to keep from it all traces of an emotion which might prove fatal to the sick man by agitating him and bringing on an access of fever.

"Then you do not know that all is over between us?"

"Yes; that is why I am here. When you are stronger we will talk about it."

"That time will never come," and the pallid face lit up with an exceeding solemn joy.

"God is good, and now that life is no longer precious to me, He has called me to a 'home not made with hands.' I am dying. I feel it here,' placing his hand upon his heaving chest."

Then with sudden earnestness he continued—

"Grey, when you hear all you will pity me even more than you have condemned. I have learned within the last few months that my mother died a raving maniac. With such a fate hanging over me, her only child, the blessed companionship of her I have loved, and do still love better than my own life, could never be mine. I do not know what I wrote to Edna, only that I said we could not marry. Since that time all has been chaos."

"Do not excite yourself," said Harley, gently, his whole being thrilling with intense pity for the unfortunate young man, gifted beyond his fellows, and yet with such a terrible affliction hanging over him. "I will write at once and tell Edna. Better that she should know the truth than think you false."

The invalid's large, bright eyes fixed themselves with burning, anxious intensity upon Harley.

"False, false to my Edna! If my heart's blood could be distilled drop by drop, to cause her a moment's happiness, it should be offered joyfully. My poor darling! make it all clear to her, and ask her to cherish a kindly memory of me when I am gone."

"Do not be despondent," said Harley, assuming a cheerfulness he was far from feeling. "It may not be so bad as you think."

But the young artist was right.

His life faded out slowly but surely. But his last moments were very peaceful.

Harley had written to Edna and told her the pitiful story, and she sent a long and comforting letter to her lover, assuring him of her unfaltering devotion, and of her willingness to share his lot be it for suffering or for happiness.

So he died rejoicing in the knowledge of her love.

After all was over, Harley returned home.

Edna received him as one who had brought to her a message from the dead; and as he looked upon her sorrowful young face, the heart which had once beat with such passionate longings, even at the sound of her voice, was filled only with a desire to comfort her.

Had Edna been draped in widow's weeds, she could not have been more sacred to him in her first great sorrow.

Three years passed on.

Then came a time at which men's cheeks blanched, and whole communities were thrilled with terror—when rich and poor were made one by the common tie of sympathy for fellow beings in distress.

Harley was one of the first to offer his services, and to be enrolled a member of the red cross.

He remained at his post unharmed, until the close of the terrible war.

Then he was stricken down with fever, and in place of his letters came telegrams so anxiously awaited.

But at last came the news of convalescence, and of his intended return home; and at last came the pale shadow of the bronzed and sturdy Harley who had left home in the prime of his noble manhood to offer, if need be, his life upon the shrine of sympathetic devotion to the wounded.

Edna was out for a drive when he came, so that upon her return she found him in the library, seated, panting, and exhausted, in a large easy-chair.

One startled, incredulous glance, and she knew him.

With a little cry, she sprang forward, and for the first time in her life put her arms about his neck and kissed him.

Then with a sudden shame she drew back, her face aflame with blushes, as she faltered—

"Oh, Harley, I never thought to see you again!"

Harley's pale face grew luminous.

"And did you care so very much?" he said, in a deep tremulous tone, which he vainly tried to render steady.

"Care!" and Edna grew pale, even at the memory of her pain. "Oh Harley, I never knew until that dreadful moment, when the telegram came about your sickness, what you were to me. But now you are home again you must never, never leave us.

"Take care, Edna," said Harley, putting out his arms towards her with a beseeching gesture, "you know not what hopes you are evoking from the grave in which they have lain buried for years. It will be like destroying me with kindness, if you raise them and then dash them down again to the earth."

At first Edna's eyes met his with a look as unconscious of his real meaning as that of a little child.

But as soul met soul in the interchange of glances she learned the truth.

For one moment she hesitated; then she went to him.

"I will not disappoint you, noble, generous Harley. Do with my life as you will."

Then it was that Harley won and wore the precious jewel his heart had desired in the olden days, but which, with a noble self-abnegation, he had left in its setting of precious memories, until it learned to catch its light from the steady glow of his unselfish devotion.

EGYPTIAN PEASANTS.—Large in stature, and remarkable for his statuesque beauty, the appearance of the fellah is very striking. He has the true oval head peculiar to the Arab type; brilliant eyes, slanting up towards the outer angles; a well shaped mouth, with the lips slightly projecting, and superb teeth; a well-formed aquiline nose, with the nostrils large and open like those of the negro; a small chin and rather thin beard. His complexion varies with the region of his abode, being darker towards the South. In the Delta he is of a light bronze, and in the Upper Egypt quite black. His cotton shirt is the only garment he indulges in; but, falling in graceful folds about his fine figure, he wears it with no less dignity than if it were a Roman toga. Degraded by slavery and his constant practice of taking alms, the fellah can scarcely be regarded as a responsible moral being. Indolent and a fatalist, he never works except when forced to do so by absolute necessity. There is but one thing that he cares for—repose; he has but one occupation—beggary. The blue chemise of the fellahines, falling from the shoulders to a little above the ankle, and open at the breast, is decidedly picturesque. The veil which they wear is also blue; it is thrown over the head, and falls about them in ample folds. Sometimes, when they want to hide their faces, they catch hold of this fluttering blue banner with their beautiful teeth, and partially effect their object. The fellahines are sometimes tattooed upon forehead and chin, and they dye their nails with henna. In the country you often meet them unveiled; and I have sometimes seen a great beauty among them, perserving so astonishingly the Egyptian type that you feel as if you were looking at one of the old sculptures of Athos, or of Isis awakened to life. But really to appreciate the grace of the fellahine, you must see her returning from the river with a jug of water on her head. Her bare arms bent back to hold her burden, her garment draped about her body like a Greek tunic, and falling in numerous folds, straight and clinging—she walks proudly forward with a slow and measured step. Like that of the masterpieces of antiquity, her expression is grave, serene, and harmonious; and in her grand and simple poses she emulates the basket-bearers of the sacred processions. In the greatest works of art we do not find more dignity and grace than is sometimes displayed by these peasants of the Nile valley.

Scientific and Useful.

BRITANNIA METAL.—True Britannia metal is composed of ninety parts tin, eight parts antimony, and two of copper. Some manufacturers deviate a trifle from this formula by adding a small portion of zinc or bismuth.

FOR THE HAIR.—For falling out of the hair a lotion is prescribed composed of water of ammonia, almond oil, and chloroform, one part each, diluted with five parts of alcohol, or spirits of rosemary, the whole made fragrant with a drachm of oil of lemon. Dab it on the skin, after thorough friction with the hair brush. It may be used sparingly or abundantly, daily or otherwise.

USEFUL CEMENT.—The following is recommended as a cement for fastening brass collars to glass or china paraffin lamps: Caustic soda one part, resin three parts, water five parts; boil until complete saponification is effected, and mix the product intimately with one-half its weight of zinc oxide, white lead, chalk, or plaster of Paris. The latter is preferred, as it hardens more quickly.

STRAW-WOOD.—In places where wood has become very scarce the use of straw for building purposes has been suggested. Sheets of ordinary straw board, as produced in a paper mill, are softened by chemical treatment and compressed into blocks of any desired thickness, varying with the number of sheets taken. This process produces a material closely resembling wood, which is impervious to moisture, and is capable of taking a fine polish.

TO CUT GLASS.—Any hard steel will cut glass with great facility when freely wet with camphor dissolved in turpentine. A drill bow may be used, or even the hand alone. A hole may be easily enlarged by a round file. The ragged edges of glass vessels may also be easily smoothed thus with a flat file. Flat window glass can be readily sawed with a watch-spring saw by aid of this solution. In short, the most brittle glass can be wrought almost as easily as brass by the use of cutting tools kept constantly moist with camphorized oil of turpentine.

HARDENING STEEL.—The hardening of steel is effected by heating the steel to a cherry red, or until the scales of oxide are loosened on the surface, and plunging it into a liquid, or placing it in contact with some cooling substance. The degree of hardness depends upon the heat and rapidity of cooling. Steel is thus rendered so hard as to resist the hardest files, and it becomes at the same time extremely brittle. The degree of heat and the temperature and nature of the cooling medium must be chosen with reference to the quality of the steel, and the purpose for which it is intended. Cold water gives a greater hardness than oils, or other fatty substances, and, wet iron scales or cinders, but an inferior degree of hardness to that given by acids. Oil, tallow, etc., prevent the cracks which are caused by too rapid cooling. The lower the heat at which the steel becomes hard the better.

WELDING CAST IRON.—The Chinese process of welding cracked cast iron-wares with molten iron, is thus described in the Iron Age: The operator commences by slightly breaking the edges of the fracture with a hammer in order to enlarge the fissures, after which the fractured pieces are placed and held in proper position by means of wooden braces. The pan being ready, a clay crucible, charged with pieces of iron, is laid on ignited charcoal in a small portable furnace of sheet-iron, provided with a horizontal bellows. As soon as the iron in the crucible is melted, it is poured on a layer of partly-charred husks of rough rice, spread on a pad of folded cloth to prevent the sudden cooling of the metal. While yet liquid, the metal is forced with a jerk into the fissures, and a paper rubber is pressed over the obtruding metal inside the vessel, making a strong and thorough job.

Farm and Garden.

SLUGS ON PLANTS.—Slugs are occasionally seen eating large holes or notches in the leaves of all succulents and begonias. They usually feed during the night. Cut potatoes, turnips, or some other fleshy vegetable, in halves, and place conveniently near the plants. The slugs will gather on the vegetable, and are easily destroyed.

HOG SCRAPING MACHINE.—A hog scraping machine which has just been tested in Chicago, worked satisfactorily. A hog was killed, placed in the machine, and almost in an instant came out with only a few odd hairs on his head and legs. Seven hogs were passed through the machine in fifty-seven seconds, and each came out as hairless as could be desired. With a few improvements, the machine is expected to finish 6,000 hogs in ten hours.

WHEAT AND BEEF.—Of all the crops grown by the farmer, wheat contains the largest proportion of dry or solid matter, namely, from 88 to 90 per cent. Animals (live weight) contain but 25 per cent. of dry matter. If the nitrogen or valuable part of the meat and wheat is considered to all have come from the soil—and the latest and most weighty evidence upon this point is that the soil, rather than the atmosphere, is the chief source of nitrogen, the removal of a ton of wheat from the soil will not exhaust the land as much as the growing of a ton of meat.

WOOD FOR POSTS.—Experience proves that wood which is exposed to the action of water, or put into the ground, should first be subjected to charring, and then, before it has entirely cooled, be treated with tar until the wood is impregnated in the most thorough manner. By proceeding in this manner, the acetic acid and oils contained in the tar are evaporated by the heat, and only the resin left behind, which penetrates the pores of the wood, and forms an air-tight and waterproof envelope. It is found important that the posts be impregnated somewhat above the line of exposure, as it is there that the action of decay affects the wood first.

HOW TO JUDGE THE WEATHER.—The colors of the sky at different times are a wonderful guidance. Not only does a clear sunset presage fair weather, but there are other tints which speak with clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow, wet; a neutral gray constitutes a favorable sign in the morning—an unfavorable one in the evening. The clouds are full of meaning in themselves. If they are soft, undefined, and feathery, the weather will be fine; if the edges are hard, sharp, and definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual hues betoken wind and rain; while more quiet and moderate tints bespeak fair weather.

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SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 29, 1879

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"UNDER WILD SKIES."

In this number of the POST we begin a serial of the most absorbing interest, under the above title. It is by the talented author of "Beneath the Sea," which was welcomed with so much delight by our readers, and we can assure them that the present story is in every way its equal. Indeed, it introduces several of the well-known characters of that romance—Pollo, Sam Oakum, and others—who act parts as prominent and thrilling as those in "Beneath the Sea." We promise our subscribers in this tale as thorough a feast of love and adventure as made its predecessor so deservedly popular.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

IT is sad to see persons who might enjoy much of happiness in the world, hunting their surroundings for some dark, forbidding and unpleasant thing to be groaned over, instead of living in the sunlight and gathering pleasant things in the garden of observation and experience.

Look on the bright side of things. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier by wearing a gloomy countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that makes the flower. Full one-half of our ills are only in imagination. There is always that before or around us which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth. The sky is blue ten inches where it is black one. You have troubles it may be. So have others. None are free from them. Perhaps it is well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life, fortitude and courage to the man. There would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never get skill, where there was nothing to disturb the calm surface of the ocean.

It is the duty of everyone to extract all the enjoyment and happiness he can without and within him, and above all he should look on the bright side of things. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and night end in broad day. In the long run, and very often in the short, the great balance rights itself.

What is ill becomes well; what is wrong, right. Men were not made to hang down either their heads or their lips, and those who do so only show that they are departing from the path of common sense and right.

"Now" is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of Time. "Now" is the watchword of the wise. "Now" is on the banner of the prudent. Let us keep this little word always in our mind; and, whenever anything presents itself to us in the shape of work, whether mental or physical, we should do it with all our might, remembering that "now" is the only time for us. It is indeed a sorry way to get through the world, by putting off till to-morrow, saying "then" I will do it. No; this will never answer. "Now" is ours; "then" may never be.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A NEW system of slaughtering bullocks is being tried by the administration, and is highly approved. It consists in placing a leather mask over the eyes of the bullock. In this mask there is a place for the reception of a steel tube with sharp edges. The head of this tube being struck with a hammer, the tube penetrates the brain, and the animal falls at once, utterly devoid of consciousness, and in a few seconds is dead.

—

THE Royal Academy of Agriculture at Stockholm is an institution combining the researches of a scientific society with a teaching staff, having at its disposal a model farm, and all kinds of facilities for making physiological and chemical experiments. Sweden has also four agriculture chemical schools, partly supported by the State, and partly by the Societies Economiques, of which there are twenty-six in Sweden. Their object is to encourage agriculture in the respective districts, and to furnish regular reports to the Academy and the Central Statistical Bureau.

—

AN amusing discovery has just been made at the town halls of several French villages of plaster busts of the republic, which are nothing else than former busts of the Empress Eugenie, slightly altered by the addition of a bundle of corn ears in the hair, and a Phrygian cap or some other republican attribute. It seems that an enterprising firm of plaster casts merchants, having purchased at a discount, shortly after the 4th of September, 1870, all the effigies of the ex-Empress which were on the market, have, by making these judicious alterations, succeeded in disposing of their wares with considerable profit.

—

THERE is a strange story going round that a Russian peasant who formed one of a party of pilgrims to the Holy City, the other day, begged, during her sojourn in Rome, for an audience with the Pope, alleging as an excuse that she had a weighty secret to impart. His Holiness, acting under advice, declined the proffered honor. The peasant, however, before leaving, confided to one of the priests of the Vatican that she was bidden by her mother on her deathbed to acquaint the Pope that a huge treasure (some 6 000 000 gold rubles) had been hidden in the city of Moscow by Napoleon I. during his stay there in 1812 and that the whereabouts of this treasure was known only to the pilgrim. What truth there is in the statement remains yet to be seen.

—

A CHRISTENING dinner was given lately, one feature of which was novel. In front of each of the twelve guests at the table was a miniature model of the font in the church with a Lilliputian cradle at its base. The little font was made of wood, covered with silk, and delicately painted with all the symbols, tracery, and even the delicate gold lettering about the rim—"Except a man be born of water and of the spirit he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven"—that appears upon the original. Natural flowers filled the fonts. On the front of each small cradle, wrought in fanciful gold letters amid foliage and blossoms, appeared the name of the baby, "Ethel," and the date of her birth. Attached to each cradle was a silken ribbon, upon which was painted the name of one of the guests. After the dinner these pretty things were carried off by those before whom they were placed as souvenirs of the occasion. The cost of each was $25.

—

IN olden times the Quakers were much more particular than now as to their association with the world's people, and their dealing in other than the plainest articles of apparel and household use. Their organ, the Journal, now contains advertisements of pianos and organs, and of attractions in fashionable clothing of the newest styles—the advertisements which would have been excluded by the Friends of olden time. One of them tells where feathers can be dyed, and sets forth the advantages of having "crape shawls dyed the most brilliant shades of scarlet, crimson, etc." Another advertisement presents the merits of a beast show, where Friends may see elephants, tigers, rhinoceroses, and giraffes. The elephant and rhinoceros naturally come within the limit of what might properly be seen by Friends of the old style, for they wear plain colors, largely inclining to the regulation shade of drab. But the gay clothing of the tiger and giraffe could hardly be expected to meet the approval of the elderly Friends who occupy the chief seats in the meeting.

—

THE truthfulness of children causes them never to forget an unjust punishment; the troubled passionate sense that comes with an unmerited reprimand is branded on the honest little heart. A misunderstood childhood is the cruellest period of existence; in a blind and confused fashion children have immense capabilities of suffering. A want of love affects the nature of children. We have seen sullen and apparently hardened little ones suddenly transfigured when brought under the influence of some person who guessed their nature and came at their hearts. Who can describe the loving devotion of a misunderstood child to the one who first gave it love? Every age has a distinct part to play in life; and it is because in childhood imagination and feeling are the two faculties awake, that the profound impressions are made upon it which become woven into our subsequent existence. Natural childhood finds its delights in healthy, joyous and lovely things, and gives to them associations that never leave us in the dull prose of after years. It was a divine touch of the poet to carry back the thoughts of the wandering mind of the dying man, not to boisterous revelry of hours spent with boon companions, but as he plucked at his sheets to "babble of green fields."

—

REPUGNANCE to a military life has induced among the inhabitants of certain villages in the Department of the Seine a curious practice of atrophying one of the great toes by some secret method of muscular retraction which has baffled the scrutiny of the most experienced army surgeons. The deformation prevents the proper surface of the foot from being brought fairly and fully on the ground. With such success has this system of mutilation been carried on for the past forty years in one particular village, and so discreetly have the peaceful peasants kept their own counsel, that in the whole of the long period only three conscripts have been drawn who were found able to march. It must have appeared to the baffled investigators of this physiological phenomenon as if a new species of countryman were being developed; but at length a peculiarly suspicious case attracted their special notice, and led to an inquiry before the local tribunal. A young man who had been noted as a good walker, and who was in great request among the maidens of the district as a partner in the dance on Sundays and fete days, took to absenting himself from these junketings until he came forth from his retirement an accomplished cripple. It remains to be seen what can be done with him and with other evaders of patriotic duty. Perhaps a law will be passed which will compel all owners of crooked toes to contribute a fixed proportion of their sedentary earnings to the State.

—

AN association has been formed in Westphalia for the extinction of poverty throughout the world. The theory of its promoters, who are not Socialists, is that the wants of mankind have so increased of late years that luxuries are now looked upon even by the poorest classes as necessaries. Life, it is urged, may be sustained and comfort insured, at a trifling cost, by simply putting aside the superfluities of modern existence. The object can only be attained by a complete revolution in our social and domestic habits. Children should be trained from their earliest infancy to look for no other shelter than that afforded by wooden huts. Their food should consist only of bread and vegetables, and their drink of pure water. The style of modern clothing, as regards both men and women, is condemned as extravagant, barbarous, and unwholesome. One thick garment of good material for the winter, and one of slighter texture for summer, is all that is required. It is estimated that under good management on the new system $50 a year will be sufficient income for any person to exist upon comfortably, and will leave a small margin which, if laid aside annually, and carefully invested, will amply provide for all the reasonable wants of old age.

—

A FOREIGN writer catalogues a number of the curious habits indulged in by different artists in order to refresh or strengthen themselves in their moments of rest during the exercise of the voice. Thus, it appears that the Swedish tenor Labatt eats two salted cucumbers, and claims that this vegetable, thus prepared, strengthens his organ. Wachtel swallows the yolk of an egg beaten up with sugar. Carl Formes used to drink porter, the baritone Rubsan sips hydromel, while the celebrated baritone, Beck, takes nothing, and abstains from speaking. Mme. Sonntag, we are told, used to nibble sardines between the acts; Mme. Cabel munches pears, Mme. Ulgade prunes, and Mme. Trebelli strawberries. Mme. Doras-Gras ate, in the wings, cold meat, and Mme. Malibran had the pernicious habit of eating a hearty supper in her private box only half an hour before the performance. We learn that Mme. Adelina Patti sips a glass of seltzer water during the acts, Mme. Nilsson takes a glass of beer, Mme. Cruvelli, claret mixed with champagne; while Mlle. Desparre contents herself with warm water. We may add that Mlle Braun-Brine drinks, after the first act, one glass of beer; after the second and third, a cup of coffee with milk, and when she has to sing in the great duo of the fourth act of the "Huguenots," she fortifies herself with a whole bottle of Moet champagne.

—

THE arrangements for the marriage of King Alfonso of Spain and the Archduchess Christina of Austria are now complete. A handsome sum had to be paid before the King could claim his Austrian bride—rumor says $4,000,000. Of this $2,000,000 was advanced by a Cuban slave dealer, and the poor King is said to have given his note for double that amount. In order to raise the rest of the money, some of ex-Queen Isabella's jewels, snatched from Prim's hands, were pawned. But there will be high jinks in the Spanish capital at the coming nuptials. And the approaching marriage has also been taken advantage of by the Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in Europe, to make an endeavor to have bull-fighting excluded from the entertainments then to be given. The Society in Paris having asked Mr. Henry Bergh to co-operate with the parent Societies in Europe, that gentleman has addressed a letter to the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Cadiz, in which he says: "No act of His Majesty could better illustrate the benign and patriotic spirit which should animate the sovereign of a great nation than an effort to extinguish in the hearts of his subjects the instincts of cruelty, by the substitution of the blessed principles of mercy and benevolence."

—

NOT long ago a well-known collector of curiosities in Paris, who had devoted considerable sums of money to the gathering together of bank notes of all countries and all values, became the possessor of a Bank of England five pound note to which an unusually strange story was attached. This note was paid into a Liverpool merchant's office in the ordinary way of business sixty-one years ago, and its recipient, the cashier of the firm, while holding it up to the light to test its genuineness, noticed some faint red marks upon it, which, on closer examination, proved to be semi-effaced words, scrawled in blood between the printed lines and upon the blank margin of the note. Extraordinary pains were taken to decipher these partly obliterated characters, and eventually the following sentence was made out: "If this note should fall into the hands of John Dean, of Long Hill, near Carlisle, he will learn hereby that his brother is languishing a prisoner in Algeria." Mr. Dean was promptly communicated with by the holder of the note, and he appealed to the government of the day for assistance in his endeavor to obtain his brother's release from captivity. The prisoner, who, as it subsequently appeared, had traced the above sentence on the note with a splinter of wood dipped in his own blood, had been a slave to the Dey of Algiers for eleven years, when his strange missive first attracted attention in a Liverpool counting house. His family and friends had long believed him dead. Eventually his brother, with the aid of the British authorities in the Mediterranean, succeeded in ransoming him from the Dey, and brought him to England, where, however, he did not long survive his release, his constitution having been irreparably injured by exposure, privations and forced labor in the Dey's galleys.

A LINE OF LIGHT.

BY I. F. M.

A woman croons by her lonely fire,
Watching her babe with its suffering cry,
And her thoughts are far with its sailor sire,
And the night is wild and the wind is high.
"O who can ever bring back again
The glad, glad days we had of old?
Does every pleasure pass into pain?
O a frozen hope lies so bitter cold!"
But the larks will be stirring by-and-by,
And already there's light in the distant sky.

The ship lies wrecked on the wide west sea,
And the fierce birds quarrel and scream above,
With their savage laughter that seems to be
A demon's scoff at the end of love.
"Ha, ha! ha, ha! and it comes to this,
Ye strong brave men, now your day is done,
Your corpses have but the kelpie's kiss,
And your last hard struggle is known to none."
But the sun is still shining out of sight,
And has left behind him a line of light.

There is summer once more upon the sea,
And sunshine once more in the lonely home;
The babe has gone from the woman's knee,
And she knows her husband can never come;
But as she sits she is singing low,
"The loves I have lost does my Father keep,
And He bids me His happy secret know,
Which is only seen by the eyes that weep."
The sun is still shining though out of sight,
And the darkest day has its line of light.

His Choice.

BY C J.

SAUNTERING slowly up the path that leads to the pretty, ivy covered cottage, comes a tall, handsome man, bearing in one hand a valise, and followed by a large, Siberian hound.

Under the white straw hat, a pair of dark eyes scan admiringly the surroundings; the fountain with its musical, misty waters; the mounds of choice, variegated flowers; and stretching away on the left, a fine lawn, on whose rich emerald carpet stood a charming summer house, partially hidden by its covering of leaves and damask roses.

"Who can she be?" thought the owner of the dark eyes.

Beneath the trees' cool shade, sat a young girl, reading aloud to a child.

Through the luxuriant foliage overhead, the golden sunlight shimmered, touching the brown braids of her hair, and the darker curls that rested against her shoulder.

"Who can she be?"—the thought this time was expressed audibly

Bruno, who had been enjoying meanwhile numerous gambols over the grass, suddenly became also conscious of their presence, and with most surprising agility was soon beside them, barking joyously.

"Down, Bruno! Down, sir!" called Eugene Wallace, hurrying forward.

"Papa! Papa!"

And a little form in white, with arms extended, was hastening towards him.

"Why, Maud, is it you?" said Wallace, bending to kiss the face uplifted to his.

"I thought maybe you were coming when I saw dear old Bruno!" exclaimed happy Maud, clinging to his hand.

"Who is that lady?"

They were nearing the young girl, who just then was vainly striving to free the delicate gray dress from various marks, caused by the friendliness of Bruno's paws.

"It is Naomi, papa," answered the child; then, still clasping his hand, said, 'Naomi, this is my papa."

The artless introduction caused Wallace and Naomi to smile simultaneously.

"I regret what has occurred," said he, bowing with much grace, "and trust Bruno has not caused you alarm."

"His sudden appearance did startle me, I must acknowledge," she replied, in a low and pleasant voice.

How very sweet and womanly she seemed to Wallace, in the plain dress of gray, with its knots of pink at the white throat, matching the flower that nestled in the brown hair.

The sound of carriage wheels approaching, and the clanging of the iron gate, made our party glance in its direction.

Two ladies, one of whom was elegantly attired, were descending from an open carriage.

"There is Aunt Nellie!"

Maud darted away, calling back—"Come, papa!"

Politely excusing himself, Eugene Wallace proceeded to follow Maud—his wish to know who this maiden was still unsatisfied, save that her name was Naomi.

Mrs. Barr, his sister, after warmly welcoming him home again, turned and said: "My namesake, Miss Nellie Lee; my brother, Mr. Wallace."

"You cannot believe it possible that this is Nellie Lee," said that lady, noting the surprised look of Wallace as he returned the inclination of the dainty head.

"I certainly would not have recognized you, Miss Lee," he replied.

And so, walking and chatting gaily, they entered the cottage.

Nellie soon after withdrew to make some arrangements regarding her toilet; and Mrs Barr, who had accompanied her also, with the words, "Make yourself, dear, perfectly at home, and if you need anything just ring that bell near the table," left, and went down stairs to the parlor.

Six years ago the angel of Death had crossed the threshold of this home, and stilled forever the loving heart, and closed the brown eyes, of her Wallace called wife.

"Poor baby! Eva's baby!" and great tears fell on the tiny face resting against his breast.

Tears for the baby, whose coming had left his heart desolate, and for his darling, whose gold brown head was pillowed 'neath the grasses.

Mrs. Barr, his widowed sister, after the death of the young mother, had taken charge of the household. Under her watchful and tender care the baby was placed. And so the years went by; years that brought peace and healing to the bereaved heart of Wallace, and changed the helpless little one into the winsome child—Maud, the idol of them all.

"I am glad Nellie will stay a short time with us; it will make it more pleasant for me to have the dear girl around," said Mrs. Barr, bustling about and making things, to her mind, look more orderly.

"Do you not think she is lovely, Eugene?" she continued, glancing towards her brother who just then was intently watching a slender form, in grey, in the garden, gathering flowers.

The large hat did not hide the exquisite profile, nor the waves of brown hair.

Maud, stood near her holding carefully the glass dish in which Naomi was placing the flowers, destined to adorn the tea table.

"Who is she, Nellie?"

Mrs. Barr, through the open French window, saw the object of her brother's attention, and, although somewhat piqued at his indifference to the remark first made about her favorite, answered pleasantly, "Naomi Harding, Maud's governess. She came the week after you left for Easton. Maud is fond of her, and likes her much better than Miss Newlin, the former teacher."

"Does she not remind you of Eva?"

"Yes; and that is why my heart was drawn towards her. Mrs Preston recommended her to me very highly. She is so patient in instructing Maud, and willing always to do little odds and ends for me. I don't think I could do without her now;" and so saying the good hearted woman withdrew to see if tea would soon be ready.

Left to himself, Wallace paced unweariedly the piazza, followed by Bruno; who, at last tired out, stretched his huge body on the mat, and occasionally gave utterance to a low whine at being unnoticed.

The gentle breeze stole through the leaves of the woodbine, and softly touched the thoughtful brow of Wallace, who was lost to all save the memory of the luminous brown eyes of Naomi Harding—eyes like those he had looked at last years ago.

The morning following was a glorious one. The blue expanse was unbroken, save for the snowy clouds that here and there floated along. Over the undulating sward the sun had cast a golden light, and on the tall trees, from whose green depths came the melodious notes of birds. The mild breeze, fragrant with the breath of flowers, stirred gently the filmy drapery of an upper window by which sat Naomi Harding.

'Nature's painting touched by no earthly hand!" she murmured.

The face, with its rapt expression, for the moment becomes beautiful.

Below in the road-way stands a small, white pony, in whose fair rider we recognize Nellie Lee. Close by, a bay with proudly arched neck—Royal, the property of Wallace.

"Good bye! good bye!" comes from an adjoining room.

Eugene Wallace looking up to throw a kiss to Maud, sees Naomi.

His deferential greeting brings a swift flush to the pure face; and causes Nellie to wonder who could be its recipient.

The lady in her becoming habit, was fully aware how well she appeared, and beneath the long fringed lids the dreamy eyes failed not to detect the admiration in his.

Under the shadow of the trees they go, whilst Mrs. Barr, seated within the leafy-covered porch, looks after them, and inwardly hopes her plan may prove successful.

Two months have passed, and Nellie is still the guest of Grove Cottage.

During the time that has elapsed, Eugene Wallace and Nellie have been constantly in each other's society, and the lady, in numberless ways, has endeavored to make captive the heart of Wallace. At first her beauty and charming manners fascinated the grave, reticent man, but gradually the glamour was dispelled, as day by day her true nature was revealed. The only child, she had been indulged, and most unwisely, in every caprice. Mrs. Lee, a shallow devotee of fashion, had by her example instilled into the fresh, young heart of her child countless follies. And so Nellie passed into womanhood; very beautiful in face and form, but the jewel within this lovely casket—the soul given to that mother's keeping—was encrusted with worldliness—its brilliancy dimmed.

Nellie Lee being an heiress prospective, was, in the opinion of Mrs. Barr, quite eligible, and fully qualified, to bear the name of Wallace. This was her sole reason for wishing Nellie to prolong her visit, that at last Eugene would offer both hand and heart to the child of her oldest and dearest schoolmate.

Mrs. Barr's affection for Nellie blinded her vision to her palpable follies.

The governess, Nellie scarcely deigned to notice.

"Any person compelled to work for their maintenance, she would not under any consideration associate with," was in the letter written home to Mrs Lee.

It was considerable annoyance to the haughty lady, therefore, that Naomi Harding should be permitted to be as one of the family.

Mrs Barr was in ignorance of her treatment of the young governess, but Eugene Wallace on several occasions had noticed the cool indifference, almost amounting to impertinence, of her manner towards Naomi.

One morning Wallace had met her walking with Maud, who became very silent on seeing the lady beside her papa.

Nellie did not care for children, and frequently had spoken sharply to Maud when certain that her handsome father was not in sight.

As Wallace acknowledged Naomi's presence with a smile, Nellie—after surveying languidly the modest apparel of the girl—said, in a half-suppressed voice, "Do you not think her rather old fashioned?"

Very lightly rested the jeweled hand on his arm, while the red lips parted in a silvery laugh.

The rude remark made Eugene Wallace for the moment almost forget his usual politeness, for he knew by the pained expression in the brown eyes that Naomi Harding had heard her.

"I cannot agree with you, Miss Lee," replied Wallace, with unusual sternness in his voice.

Nellie Lee did not feel entirely at ease for the remainder of the walk, and inwardly regretted her hasty speech.

Every night, after Maud had said "Our Father," Naomi would sit by the bedside and sing, in a low, sweet voice, some hymn of the little girl's choosing, until the white lids would shut over the dark eyes.

"What makes you cry, Naomi?"

Maud, who had been lying very still, the dark curls scattered over the snowy pillow, and listening to Naomi singing, opened her eyes on hearing "Sweet Bye-bye" come to a sudden close.

"What makes you cry, dear Naomi?"

And Maud drew the tear stained face down on the pillow with her tiny hands, and kissed her lovingly.

"'Cause Nellie Lee speak cross to you?" questioned the child, touching very softly the brown hair and bestowing another caress on Naomi.

That morning the young girl had offered to assist with the sweeping, it being a very busy day at Grove Cottage. She had swept and dusted Miss Lee's room, and was just about darkening the windows to keep out the glare of the sun, when the sight of the bright hued flowers in the garden below caused her to remember how fond Nellie Lee was of them. Quickly down the stairs went the light feet, and gathering some of the choicest, was soon back again, arranging them in the vase on the marble bouquet table.

"It just needs this to complete it," said Naomi aloud, lifting in her hand a piece of the trailing honeysuckle vine, and placing it in the vase.

At that moment Maud came running in, and seeing the flowers, grasped the table with both hands and stood on tip-toe to admire them.

"Be careful, dear," called Naomi.

It was too late. Maud's sudden jarring of the table overturned the vase, which falling on the table, broke into pieces.

"O! Maudie! Maudie! what have you done!" exclaimed Naomi, feeling very much like having a good cry.

Hastily gathering the fragments together, and comforting at the same time the frightened, sobbing child, she did not percieve the entrance of Nellie.

"My beautiful, beautiful, vase!" she cried; then turning angrily to Naomi, who was endeavoring to explain how it happened, said, "You knew I prized this vase, and you should not have allowed that horrid child to come near it."

At this the "horrid child" burst into loud lamentations, and fled to the shelter of Naomi's arms.

"Leave the room, both of you!" fairly shrieked the irate lady.

Then as the governess, with poor Maud clinging to her dress, neared the open door, she said, sneeringly, "It is easy to be seen *why* you make such a fuss over that child. For the sake of the father it is done."

Her last words reached Eugene Wallace, who was passing.

"Oh! papa! papa! please may she go home; she's so cross."

The door of the room opposite, at this, closed with a bang.

"What does it all mean, Miss Naomi?" said Wallace, taking Maud in his arms and trying to quiet her sobs.

In a few moments Naomi explained regarding the vase. Despite her efforts, the tears would come, and, fearing to remain lest she would be unable to control her agitation, she withdrew, saying, "Excuse me, Mr. Wallace."

At last the day was over. Nellie did not appear during the evening—"a headache" was the answer to Mrs. Barr's anxious inquiry outside her door.

And this was the cause of Naomi's tears by Maud's bedside. The remembrance of the unfortunate ending of the day's hard labor, and the unkind words of Nellie Lee.

Mrs. Barr, after an interview with her brother, in which he told all that had transpired, felt somewhat indignant towards her namesake, and also had an irresistible longing "to see if the child was all right."

"You precious dear!"

And Mrs. Barr looked tenderly on Maud, who, though fast asleep, still held in one dimpled hand her picture book, while the other was thrown over the curly head.

"Eugene left good-bye for you, Nellie. Off in the early train this morning for Clifford, and I guess half way there by this time," said Mrs. Barr, as Nellie Lee entered the breakfast room.

"To be gone any length of time?"

"Two weeks, only," replied Mrs. Barr, pouring out a cup of coffee for Naomi.

Nellie Lee, ashamed of the display of temper the day previous, heard with inward satisfaction of the departure of Wallace.

Just then the door-bell rang loudly, which Jane, the housemaid, proceeded promptly to answer; and on opening the door, exclaimed wrathfully, "Sure an ye must be afther thinkin' we're all deaf!"

The postman's genial smile and few pleasant words, as he handed a letter directed "Miss Nellie Lee," cleared the scowl from the woman's countenance.

"From mother, I guess," said Nellie, securing the violet-tinted envelope from Jane, who, as she descended to the culinary department, muttered, "I'm afther wishin' she'd take up her traps an go."

"From mother, as I thought. Amy and Ralph are to be with us for a time, and mother not being in very good health, I shall have to return, so as to relieve her in entertaining them."

"Are you obliged to go to-day?" said Mrs. Barr.

"Yes; she writes—'Come immediately;' so I shall have to leave this noon," replied Nellie, folding the letter and replacing it in the envelope.

In a very bitter frame of mind, the preparations for her journey were commenced.

All seemed against her. She had given her love, unsought, to one whom she considered a prince among men. She had waited, and trusted that the heart of Wallace would at last bow in homage at her feet, as others had done. The difference of his manner ever towards Naomi had not escaped her observation; and jealousy of the gentle girl had been the reason that she acted towards Naomi so rudely.

"He has scorned my love!" she exclaimed passionately, tearing a small sheet of paper, traced in a manly hand, into pieces, and casting them out of the window.

"He loves her, with her prim ways and meaningless smile. And then her voice!—one would think he was about to devour her, the way he leans over the piano, not willing to lose one sound of what he terms on that paper, 'so musical,' but to me is devoid of any music whatever."

Nellie, in much loneliness of spirit, had started out one day on a short ramble. On returning, a white object in the bridal wreath bush, near the library window, attracted her attention. It proved to be a poem dedicated to Naomi Harding; and Nellie, as she perused it in the solitude of her room, knew that what she had before only suspected, was now a reality.

The love and tenderness expressed on that paper by Wallace, crumbled the castle of her hopes to the dust.

She had retained it until now, and Wallace, who had searched, but in vain, for his poem, never knew that Nellie Lee had it in her possession.

"You must come again," said Mrs. Barr, standing beside the carriage wherein was seated Nellie Lee.

"I'm so sorry," she continued, "Eugene is not here to accompany you to the station."

"Love to your mother, and come soon again."

Mrs. Barr, standing beside the gate, waved her cambric handkerchief vigorously after the carriage.

Naomi, listening to the sound of the wheels growing fainter in the distance, breathed a sigh of relief; as did also Jane, who added, "Sure an she's gone. May she niver darken the thrashold agin.

* * * * *

"A few more days, and we will have our patient down stairs again," said Dr. Ray, cheerily, to Mrs Barr, in the hall below.

"He has had a serious time of it, I must say," he continued, drawing on his gloves. That horse of his I have always thought would do some damage."

It is what I have dreaded, ever since Royal came," said Mrs. Barr, her face looking more hopeful than it had for some time past, on hearing the good news regarding the patient.

"How thankful I am for all your kindness," she went on, shaking warmly the hand extended at parting.

"I have simply done my duty, my dear madam."

And so saying, with another injunction relative to Wallace, the old doctor left, while Mrs. Barr, watching until the trees hid his

portly form, showered blessings upon him. Not long after Nellie's departure, Wallace was thrown from his horse, and left bleeding and insensible in the road. Kind hands lifted and carried gently the still form into the home from which but a short time before he had gone, all life and animation.

During the illness that followed, Naomi relieved Mrs Barr in attending the sufferer; who, in the fever of delirium, tossed and moaned on the bed, calling for Eva "to place her cool hand on his head, and take the fire away."

During those long vigils, when Life and Death seemed struggling for the mastery, the truth dawned into the soul of the young girl, how precious was the one lying there; and a yearning cry went up "that he might live."

"Softly, Maudie. Not now, dear; papa is sleeping," said Naomi in answer to the pleading voice, "May I see papa?"

Mrs. Barr looked in the room shortly after, whispered a few words to Naomi, and, closing the door very quietly, hastened to impart the good news to Jane.

"Where am I?"

How very faint sounded the voice from the bed, but not so faint that it did not reach the young girl, who stepping lightly across the floor, said: "You are home, Mr Wallace. You have been very ill."

"Where is my sister?"

"Here I am Eugene, dear Eugene!"

And Mrs. Barr, who had entered the room a second time, to see if she could not induce Naomi to go up stairs and rest awhile, came forward and kissed affectionately her brother.

"Naomi, had you not better take some sleep. You need it, my child."

Mrs. Barr, on turning, discovered the governess had left.

Had left to pour out her gratitude and thanksgiving in prayer, that he was spared to them all.

Under the care of the two faithful nurses, Wallace slowly, but surely, gained health and strength.

The presence of Naomi, with her quiet ways and sunshiny smile, made pleasant the days that otherwise would have been wearisome to him During this time, the love that he had for the young girl grew and deepened; and to have her ever with him, his counsellor, companion and friend, would, he thought, make his life replete with happiness.

Autumn, with her fairy wand, had changed the green leaves on the stately trees to crimson, brown and yellow.

"Are they not beautiful? See, Mr. Wallace, what a rich crimson this is," said Naomi Harding, her cheeks flushed, the red lips smiling, as she held the basket containing fall leaves of different colors towards him.

"They are beautiful," he answered, taking some of them from the basket.

The face, framed in the waves of brown hair, was so near his own, as together they bent over the leaves, that Wallace, obeying the impulse of the moment, imprinted a kiss on the broad, low brow, pouring out at the same time a torrent of passionate words.

"Naomi, Naomi, my darling! I ask forgiveness. I could not help it, for I love you, Naomi," he exclaimed, earnest pleading in the dark eyes.

"Will you not come?" he continued, holding his arms towards the young girl standing silent before him.

She had stood until now, her hands clasped, her face turned from his view, but as Wallace finished, and looking up she met the glance of love bent upon her, shyly and with a tender grace, Naomi entered the waiting arms and her answer was whispered against his breast.

And Mrs. Barr was delighted when Eugene imparted their engagement to her, and welcomed with a right good will the blushing and happy Naomi.

Seated in a reclining chair, his head resting against a tidy worked by his betrothed, is Eugene Wallace.

The dark eyes, with love in their depths, meet the brown eyes of the fair girl opposite, who has just finished reading aloud one of Tennyson's poems.

Maud, tired of romping with Bruno, has fallen asleep, her head against her father's knee.

And so we will leave them, hand clasping hand, and lay plans for the future they trust to spend lovingly together.

Twenty-three years ago a man named Todd, while playing cards in a gambling saloon in Centralt, Ill., was accosted by a young Frenchman from New Orleans, who had lost all his money and had no friends. Todd lent the stranger $500. The Frenchman, returned to the table, won a good sum of money and repaid his benefactor. Years rolled on, and Todd lost all his money One day last week he received a letter from a woman in Kansas City, Mo., stating that while passing through that State on the train she met the wife of the man to whom he lent the $500; that she had recently returned from Paris, where she had gone with her husband to get a very large estate left him by a rich uncle; that while in Paris her husband had died, and in his will had left $50,000 to D. F. Todd, the man who had befriended him when he was almost in the act of taking his own life.

In the Twilight.

BY E C P

TWO heads bent low over a golden satin that fairly revelled in the luxuriousness of color which the last red rays of the setting sun showered down upon it. Two noble hearts wearing themselves out in a struggle against heartlessness

"Sister," and one golden head lifted itself wearily, "do you think she will pay us tonight?"

"She *must!*" replied the other, resolutely. "I shall not hesitate to tell her our urgent need, if she proposes to defer payment."

"She will look gloriously beautiful;" and Lena Hathaway's violet eyes turned away from the shimmering yellow, and looked a moment into the eastern gray, where one little star twinkled merrily, in provoking indifference to the heavy hearts down below.

"I declare, sister," she continued, turning away impatiently, "I am getting so morbid and moody that the sight of our beautiful evening star exasperates me——"

And here she broke off again.

"I don't think it exactly moodiness, dear," said the other, lovingly, "Perhaps by and by, when we have had a little supper——"

"Supper and stars!" laughed Lena Hathaway. "What a very absurd conjunction; food is your panacea for everything. But, Mary, don't you ever grow hungry hearted?" Then, without waiting for a reply, she continued, "I do Now, sister, don't think me foolish and weak when I tell you that to night I believe in Lewis Thurston. I think there was some mystery at the foundation of our sad affair, which I might have unravelled had I not been so horribly proud Pray don't look so intolerant, dear. I know that any explanation would be in vain now— now that in all probability Miss Marion Leslie holds the place in his heart I once possessed; but that don't alter my belief in him. You never saw him, Mary Let me see; our last meeting was on the very evening you returned from Germany. Don't you remember; you hadn't been home but an hour or so when he came? He couldn't stay but a few minutes, but promised to return if possible, in order to make the acquaintance of my darling little twin sister, and——"

Here the retrospect was broken into by a sudden sob

"Lena Hathaway," and the sister's voice had in it a healthy tone of indignation, "Lewis Thurston is dead to you, whether he is to be believed in or not, and the calling up of that harrowing time is not wise for either of us He, without one word of explanation, wrote asking to be relieved from his engagement. You have not seen or heard from him since. And I, for one, cannot but think that no real lover could ever have behaved in that manner. Come now, dear, and help me fold this dress Miss Leslie will be getting impatient, and I must take it home as quickly as possible

"I wish I were going with you," said Lena, wistfully, as with a good bye kiss Mary took her bundle and turned away into the twilight

"What for!" exclaimed Mary; and she turned almost fiercely and looked into the sad, longing eyes. "So that you make your misery the more complete by a look at the brilliant beauty he has chosen to supplant your poor little fragile self? Better stay at home, my darling." And with another kiss on the quivering rose bud mouth, she hastened away.

"I wish," she murmured, "that Lena could be convinced of that fellow's worthlessness. Her love for him would long ago have been turned to contempt, had it not been for her strange faith in his nobility of character. I always mistrusted that he somehow suspected father's pecuniary condition, and anticipated matters by breaking off the engagement. I wish I could see the man once; two minutes would serve to give him my opinion of his shameful conduct Harry never could have acted so."

And then her thoughts went back a few months to a time when her lover had been taken from her by a power stronger than his own—a power whose working no mortal dare question.

"I am glad it was death," she murmured. "That is the kindest, after all "

But, notwithstanding, there were tears in the patient eyes as she stood on the steps of Miss Marion Leslie's elegant house and she stopped a moment to wipe them off, before ringing the house bell at her right

"Tell Miss Leslie that I wish to see her before I go," she said, to the servant who took the robe from her hand "I will wait her leisure here," and she walked into the sitting room, and seated herself in a shadowed corner. The gas had been lit in the hall, and was faintly reflected in the little apartment, in which there was no other light.

She sat there for an hour or more, but no Miss Leslie appeared. Probably the fact of a waiting seamstress had entirely escaped her memory; and Mary Hathaway had just decided that she must return home without the wherewithal for supper, when from the adjacent dining room came two gentlemen. One she immediately recognised as Miss Leslie's brother; the other she never remembered having seen, but Mr. Leslie's call of "Thurston," soon satisfied her of his identity with her sister's former lover.

"I will wait until they go out," she decided quickly. "They won't be likely to stay long."

But neither gentlemen showed any desire for an immediate change. Lewis Thurston stood over by the mantel, directly opposite the door, while the light fell full upon his face.

"I think, Albert," said he, evidently continuing a conversation began in the other room, "that few women are worth so much. In fact, I haven't the faith in them I once possessed. You have often wondered that I do not marry. I never told you my heart history; never told anyone; but to night, perhaps, it will help you in so far as it shows that you are not the only one who has suffered from woman's perfidy. Three years ago I was engaged, and only waited the return from Germany of the sister of my betrothed to be made one with the woman I loved. Well, the sister came home, and on the evening of her return I visited the house. I could stay but a few moments, having an engagement elsewhere that I was obliged to keep; but I promised to return again, if possible, that same evening. And with her kiss on my lips (it burns there yet) I went away; concluded my business as quickly as possible, and returned to her. Well Albert," (and here the speaker's voice grew hard and dry,) "I found her, but there was a stranger with her, a dark, handsome man She looked into his eyes with just as much fondness as she ever looked into mine. His arms were round her. I waited until I had seen their lips meet, and then rushed from the house, only desirous of getting away before I should throttle both."

Mary Hathaway glided out of the corner, and stood before the two men.

"Lena!" And Lewis Thurston's lips grew white, and his voice had in it a ring of pathos and longing which went deep into both listener's souls.

"No," she said simply, "not 'Lena.' I am Mary It was I you saw that night in the conservatory. Lena was waiting for you in the library."

She made no apology for listening; in truth, none was required. He walked back with her to the little room where Lena sat holding sad converse with the stars, and, for once, woman's faith had its abundant reward.

SOCIAL EXTRAVAGANZAS.

A TASTE for artistic novelties in dinner adornment is growing year by year. It is no longer sufficient to dine and to wine one's friends. It is necessary to surprise them and delight their esthetic tastes. So the dinner giver, as a rule, no more pretends to be his own artist than his own cook.

It is not difficult to achieve mere novelty. That was attained in the barbaric magnificence of the bills of fare at a certain San Francisco dinner a year or more ago. They were solid slabs of silver, which the guests were expected to carry away with them, and were good to melt or pawn upon occasion A prominent member of the Coaching Club of New York not long ago contemplated giving a dinner to his associates, and ordered for the occasion twenty four bills of fare. The bills of fare have been already finished They are of Bristol board, each about 10 by 15 inches, and all are handsome water color paintings. Each represents some memorable incident in the individual career of some member, or an adventure of the club collectively, and their cost is estimated at $100 each.

Last season a party of twenty ladies, and as many gentlemen, dined together prior to attending a bal masque From the chandelier in the centre of the dining room depended twenty scarfs of gros grain ribbon, each three and a half yards long and nine inches wide, heavily fringed, and richly adorned at both ends with paintings of flowers and foliage. These scarfs were so arranged in canopy fashion, that an end of each came down to the place one of the ladies was to occupy at table, and care was taken in their selection to have colors harmonising with the complexions of the ladies for whom they were severally intended as shown by the names painted in gold among the flowers The gentlemen were supplied with *menus* painted in water colors, upon which the floral decorations corresponded with those upon the ladies' scarfs After the dinner, the scarfs were worn to the ball, and retained by the ladies as souvenirs The entire cost was between six and seven hundred dollars.

For a breakfast, to be given before long, which will be participated in almost exclusively by artists, Egyptian fashions are to prevail—in everything except the viands. The table service will be in Egyptian style, as well as the decorations, and each guest will be supplied with a fan—delightfully artistic and Egyptian, but of very weak wind-compelling power. A number of them have been already completed—strange looking things, with long, thin, polished maple handles supporting semi circular forms; quilted silk on one side, and on the other studies in colors, intricate in design and of great variety.

Some time ago, for a dinner, an artificial lake was constructed in the centre of a huge dining table, and surrounded by aquatic plants. Several swans were set afloat in the little lake, and swam around there with placid dignity and decorum while the dinner lasted. The entry into fashionable society proved fatal to one of the birds, however, for he died shortly after. Early this season a dinner is to be given by a wealthy bachelor fond of amateur theatricals, for whom are to be supplied a score of *menus*, each of which will bear an elaborately painted water color picture; in each case an original design, illustrating a scene in one of Shakspeare's plays.

At a dinner given last Easter, the ladies were supplied with fans of silk, egg shaped, bearing on one side of each a painting of some bird; and care was taken to as far as possible adapt the bird to the lady who received it. Thus, one who had an excellent soprano voice, received a nightingale; and another who carols in an up town choir, was given a lark. Another lady guest got the gayest fan of the lot, the peacock; and another, who is noted for her domesticity and modest, homely goodness, was the recipient of the sober thrush Each lady's fan bore her name painted on a broken egg shell on the foreground of the picture. The cost of these fans was $24 each.

As to "favors for the German," to which fancy runs wild every season, while rivalling in cost the beautiful fans and scarfs and *menus* of which mention has been made, they are mere Vanity Fair baubles of satin, lace, fringe, silk, ribbon, and what not, upon some unique and too often noisy basis There was one German last season, for instance, at which each lady had a tamborine of silk and kid, gaily decorated with flowers and ribbons bearing the date; and the gentlemen had flageolets, real ones, that they could blow. There was another German at which the ladies' favors were castanets bedecked in most original and costly style; while the gentlemen's were monster dog whistles of brass tricked out with gay ribbons.

THE THREE FISHES.

IN the kingdom of Stephilin, which lies on the coast of the Gray Sea, there was once a pond, famous for the singularly excellent fishes it contained. The King reserved them for his own table, and his subjects were prohibited, under pain of death, from attempting to catch any without his command. It happened that his majesty abstained from eating these delicacies for a considerable length of time, during which three of them grew to an immense size, and became lords of the pond. Fishes, as well as men, have different characters and inclinations, and these individuals, although sworn friends, were no exceptions; for the first was remarkably courageous, the second exceedingly cunning, and the third laziness itself. They were all, however, equally greedy, and as they disdained insects, worms, and little fry, and could satisfy their appetites on nothing less than their younger brethren, the pond in a short time was nearly depopulated.

But nothing can be kept secret: the King at length heard of their voracity, and determined to catch and eat them; he therefore sent his fishermen one night to the pond, with orders to get their nets ready by sunrise, when he would be present to witness the capture of the tyrants The men accordingly sought a favorable position on the banks, where they established themselves until the morning, and in the meantime beguiled the hours by eating, drinking, and talking. Their discourse, which naturally turned on the object that brought them thither, was fortunately overheard by a frog that lived in the neighborhood, and who forthwith hastened to inform the devoted fishes of their impending peril. The three companions were supping together when she arrived, and united in ridiculing her croakings—so they called her friendly warning: they insisted, however, on her joining their revels, which were prolonged until past midnight, when they fell asleep.

At sunrise, the King having come, the fishermen proceeded to cast the nets, while the watchful frog called loudly on the three fishes to arouse themselves and flee. The brave and the sly awoke with a start; the first gained the mouth of a stream that flowed into the pond, and, biting through the meshes of the net, soon reached a place of safety; while the second counterfeited death, and floated apparently lifeless on the surface of the water, after having filled his gills with some mud of the most disagreeable smell.

But in vain the frog called on the sluggard; he heard, but would not stir. The fishermen began to drag the nets; they caught with their hands the cunning fellow that permitted himself to be drifted about at the will of the waters; but, smelling his gills, they flung him back into the pond as not worth having. Then they dragged the nets closer and closer, and at last the still dozing, lazy fish was entangled and taken.

It is said that even while the King looked at him, as he was lying on the grass, he gasped, and, with half closed eyes, asked what o'clock it was! His majesty, finding him fine and fat, commanded him to be cooked immediately, and served up for breakfast.

So true it is that idleness never escapes the punishment it merits.

The Doctor's Choice.

BY VIVIENNE.

THE cream of Galton society was congated in the Town Hall, waiting for the lecture.

Conspicuous in the crowd sat Miss Alfreda Morton, smiling and happy; for was not her new silk the envy of the town, and her hat imported direct from Paris, and was not her escort for the evening young Dr. Grey, the best "catch" in Galton, a rising man in his profession, with some fortune beside!

And then it was so seldom that Dr. Grey honored any young lady with his attentions, that handsome Miss Alfreda felt especially honored.

She smiled complacently upon her less fortunate sisters, chatted gaily with the doctor, displayed her pretty, ringed hands, and made herself the centre of attraction till Mabel Benson and her father came in and took seats in front of them.

Now Miss Alfreda had a piece of spite in her nature, and made some pretensions as a musician, while Mabel Benson was undoubtedly a better musician.

The young lady never allowed an occasion to show her petty jealousy to pass, and one was ready for her now.

She turned to her intimate friend, Effie Barr, who sat directly behind, and said:

"Just look at Mabel Benson's bonnet! It's every bit made up out of old pieces! It's her own work, I know."

"It looks nice, though, Alfreda," said Effie.

"Oh, it looks well enough, but the idea of wearing such a thing in good society! She had those flowers on her last summer's hat, and that tip is off her winter hat, and that pearl ribbon is the same she had on her light silk dress."

"I think it is. But you know the Bensons are not rich, and Mabel has to save all she can," said Effie, who was kind-hearted.

"Let her save in some other way, then! Why! don't you think she actually gave twenty five dollars to the pastor's library!"

"She did!"

"Yes! Brother Jack's one of the committee, you know, and he told me. They pay her twenty five dollars a quarter for playing the organ, and she gave her last quarter's salary for the library. She might have bought a decent hat with it!"

"Did you give anything to the library!" asked Effie.

"No, indeed! I told him if they would get a new Brussels carpet for his study, I would give them ten dollars, but to buy nasty old books, never! Look at her overskirt! As sure as I live, that's her old poplin, turned! I declare, if I could not have one decent dress, I would not pretend to go into good society at all."

"But, Alfreda, I know she bought her little brother a new suit with her own money, only last week. It's good in her you must allow, to spend her means for the rest"

"Bother! I dare say she only does it to get praise for her goodness Anyway, if she goes like a dowdy, she needn't expect to be received in respectable society. I won't recognize her, for one."

"Hush! there comes the lecturer," said Effie.

They settled into attention, but young Doctor Grey, who had heard every word of the whispered colloquy, turned his attention to Miss Benson, who was directly in front of him.

He had noticed her before, as a pleasant, sweet faced girl, but now he gave her as thorough a study as he could with her back towards him.

His glance went first to the despised hat, and he saw a dainty little grey creation, with a drooping grey plume, and a cluster of snowy lilies of the valley, and he decided, if it was her own work, it was far prettier than many of the wonderful hats and bonnets around, which had cost much more.

And many times during the evening he was drawn to look at her, regardless of Miss Morton's silken robes and luring smiles.

When the lecture was over and greetings were exchanged, Miss Alfreda turned her back on Miss Benson, but Doctor Grey lingered to say good evening

And as Mabel raised her eyes, half astonished, to answer him, he observed what he never had before, that her eyes were the sweetest clearest brown, with an expression of earnest womanliness in their depths which went straight to his heart.

After he left Miss Alfreda at her own door, he went to his own room musing oddly on what he had heard of Miss Benson

"Why, I didn't know she was so sweet," said he to himself "Decidedly, I must cultivate Miss Benson's acquaintance. Thanks to the stylish Miss Alfreda for the introduction"

So it came about, the next evening, that Miss Morton waited in her elegant parlor for Doctor Grey till she was wild with vexation.

While he, forgetting that she had invited him to call, rapped at the door of Mabel Benson's little cottage, and quite astonished the little organist by asking permission to spend the evening with her.

But she was not displeased, either, for Doctor Grey was a very attractive young man, and could win friends when he chose very rapidly.

He did not stay late, but he asked permission to call again.

And upon the very next Sunday evening he did call, and escorted her to church.

Miss Alfreda was furious at seeing this, and determined it should soon stop.

She took every occasion to draw the doctor to herself, sometimes getting some attention from him, but the very next thing he spoiled it all by appearing with Miss Benson

At last there was a grand excursion on the river planned, and Miss Morton was one of the committee of arrangements.

She meant to make it a crowning stroke, rule Mabel out, and secure the doctor for herself

She contrived to have it understood that no lady was expected to attend who could not appear in an entire new suit, stylishly dressed.

This she knew Mabel could not do.

Mabel would not attend, therefore, and she would have the field clear with the doctor, having already secured his promise to be there.

The doctor meant to go.

He also guessed what Miss Alfreda was up to, and determined to beat her at her own game

She had told him that she was sure Miss Benson did not mean to go, and she felt quite confident that he would invite her instead of Mabel.

But Dr Grey resolved to find out for himself what Mabel's intentions were.

A day or two before the excursion, he rapped at Mabel's door again, and after they had chatted socially upon different topics for a few minutes he said:

"Miss Benson, I should like to escort you to the excursion on Thursday. Will you go with me? '

Mabel's sweet face flushed, she hesitated, and then said:

"I should like to go very much? But I do not think I can this time."

"Please tell me your reason!" said the doctor, plumply.

Mabel still hesitated and flushed deeply.

' Any objection to your escort?"

"Oh, no!"

"Please tell me, then."

He got up, crossed over to Mabel's chair, and sat down beside her

"Don't be afraid to speak frankly to me, Miss Mabel," he said, gently.

"Very well," said Mabel, still blushing. "I know it is very silly of me to care, but this is to be a very grand thing, and the ladies will be very stylishly dressed. I can't afford a new dress, and I had therefore decided not to go."

"Precisely," said the doctor, coolly. "May I be allowed a remark or two?"

' Yes, I suppose so."

"Then, I saw a young lady last Sunday, dressed in a hat with a grey feather, a plain black silk dress, and a linen duster That young lady was quite stylish enough for me to be proud to take her anywhere. I want her to go with me next Thursday. Will she do so?"

"She would be glad to go But—others might not be so kind in their judgment," said Mabel.

"That isn't an answer."

' Very well—I will go, Dr. Grey."

The young doctor bent down and took Mabel's small hand in a strong, warm clasp.

"Thank you. But I m not satisfied, yet. Miss Benson—Mabel, if you accept me for your escort on Thursday, I shall understand that you also accept me for your escort through life. Now, Mabel, will you go."

Mabel hesitated one minute, then, lifting her sweet eyes frankly to his face, she said, softly:

"I think I will."

Half an hour later, as they were sitting side by side, she said:

' I shouldn't mind the old black silk dress, if I only had a new bonnet."

"When you belong to me you shall have a new bonnet every week if you want it," said the doctor, "but just now I had rather see your pretty head crowned with that little grey concern than the finest hat a milliner ever got up. Why, Mabel, that little bonnet brought me to you."

And when Mabel looked up in wonder, he told her all about the night of the lecture

But Mabel did not care now for all Miss Alfreda's spiteful flings, for the whole world could offer her nothing better or sweeter than the offering just laid at her feet

Miss Alfreda was furious on Thursday when Doctor Grey stepped on board the excursion steamer with Mabel Benson on his arm, and she read, or guessed the truth from their happy faces.

But if she had known it was her own work she would have been much more so.

Imitation pearl lace only costs $50 a yard, diamond lace is worth $1 000 a yard, and no American woman is contented with cheap wax beads while an inch of the richer stuff is to be found.

New Publications.

MAGAZINES.

With the November number Cassell's Illustrated Magazine of Art, begins its third volume and enlarged size of forty pages, and gives some very handsome illustrations, the frontispiece being a fine wood cut of Lofty's painting, Avarice and Love, which was in the Munich exhibition. The opening article is a sketch of Sir Noel Paton, R S A; L. L. D., and is illustrated by his portrait, and an engraving of his picture, The Dead Lady, and a cut of his group of sculpture, The Lion and Typhon. Swiss Sketching Grounds are described by Sidney Hodges with four fine illustrations E L. Roscoe has a short paper on Dannecker a study of modern sculpture 1758, 1841. A second paper is given on Old Keys, Percy Fitzgerald discusses Art in the London streets. A paper on Francis Snyders contains his portrait and two reproductions of his works. John Forbes Robertson discusses the Munich Art Exhibition in No 1, of a series. The Treasure Houses of Art, describes Lambeth Palace. An interesting paper on Some Anachronisms of Art, is by John Oldcastle. The number gives very fine full page cuts of M Jen Kates' picture, The Little Robbers, and Boughton's picture, A Resting Place. As an art publication, it can be ranked among the best, and is certainly the cheapest one published.

The December number of Wide Awake, is full of delightful things, and if it is the harbinger of attractions promised in the holiday number, its numerous friends will have all they could wish for. Among the many lovely stories and verses in the list of contents are to be found the following: Sammy Sealskin's Enemy, with which the number opens, is one of the best of Rev Edward A. Rand's stories, and this is followed by Mrs. Celia Thaxter's story of Bergetta's Misfortunes, for which J. G Francis has made one of his irresistible cut pictures—two pictures for which alone any one can well afford to buy this number. A very interesting paper is the one written at Cambridge by Miss Harris, about The New Chinese Professor at Harvard, giving portraits of the Mandarin teacher, and his two sons. No. XII., of Mr. Benjamin's American Art Series is about David Neal, and two fine engravings are given, one a full page, of Mary Stuart's first meeting with Rizzio. There is a charming Southern story of Mrs. Mollie Moore Davis, Why Mammy Delphy named her baby Grief; illustrated by Mary Hallock Foote. The three Serials are concluded; and after the considerable space devoted to Sewing Schools, especially to Sewing in the Boston Public Schools. A Model Sewing School, by Mr. Lillie, is written from the English point of view. There are several beautiful poems in the number, many of them illustrated, viz., Fairies—or, Fireflies, by Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt; Little Grandmother, by Anna F Burnham; The Dancing Spiders, by Mrs. Denton; Shopping, by Laura Ledyard, etc., etc. Palmer Cox gives one of his fine animal pictures, a whole Æsop's Fable in itself, and there are Puzzles, and Letters for little folks, and a piece of Christmas music. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston.

The North American Review for December is specially noteworthy for the timeliness of every one of the papers which it contains. The number opens with the first installment of a study by James Anthony Froude, the historian, on Romanism and the Irish Race in the United States. The Hon George S. Boutwell considers the causes which indispose young men of culture and ability to take an active part in the conduct of political affairs. Mr Boutwell contends that in no sphere of life is there opportunity for a larger or more enduring influence than in politics and government, and that consequently there can be no more praiseworthy ambition for the capable young man than that which aims at distinction through political service. An anonymous author contributes an essay on The Religion of To day. This writer, after surveying the intellectual attitude of our age toward the ancient dogmas of Christianity, and showing the progressive elimination of tenets heretofore reckoned among the essentials of religious belief, contends that this "downfall of doctrine" by no means does away entirely with religious faith Prof Bonamy Price raises the question, Is Political Economy a Science He accepts as an adequate and accurate definition of science "the fixation of causes through common observation to things beyond," and then declares that Political Economy is not a science, but only a body of systematic knowledge. Dr. George M. Beard compares the *physique* of Englishmen and Americans, and corrects many erroneous opinions on that subject which have obtained currency on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr Cuthbert Mims in the first of a series of papers on The Permanence of Political Forces, breaks ground for a very instructive philosophico historical inquiry touching the political status of the United States The book reviews are by Mr. John R G Hassard. The Review is for sale by all booksellers and newsdealers, and published by Appleton & Co.

Appleton's Journal for December gives the conclusion of Mrs Edwardes's brilliant novelette, Vivian the Beauty, and a second instalment of the Memoirs of Madame de Remusat, the last Parisian sensation. The selection this month gives an account of a long conversation with Napoleon in regard to his Egyptian campaign, and the writer's recollections of the Duc d Enghien tragedy, making a striking paper A very interesting article is one entitled Some Aspects of Robert Burns, in which we have a searching inside view of the poet's life and conduct. A paper on Charles James Mathews gives a full and entertaining summary of the recently published biography of the famous actor. Horace White's suggestive essay on Parliamentary Government in America is reprinted; and there are extracts from Dr. Hillebrand's Letters on Modern England, and a consideration of George Eliot as a Godless Writer. The editor discusses The Purpose of Fiction, Histrionic Realism, and The Obelisk; and reviews the Books of the Day. The contents of Appleton's Journal are of a sterling character, weighty yet eminently attractive, having in view the intelligent and cultivated reader.

Scribner's Magazine for December is as usual replete with artistic and literary attractions opening with a finely illustrated description of "The Capital of New York," by Montgomery Schuyler. Among the illustrations are cuts of Hunt's Decorations. Brother Antonio, a poem by Elizabeth Akers Allen, is also finely illustratrated by Blum. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen gives a description of Two Visits to Victor Hugo, illustrated by a superior engraving of Victor Hugo, portrait by Bonnat Poems by American Women includes pieces from most of the prominent poetical contributors of the day. Sophie B. Horrick gives an interesting description of the Johns Hopkins University, profusely illustrated. The other two illustrated papers are Coffee Culture in Brazil by Herbert H Smith, and No. II of Success with Small Fruits, in which E. P. Roe tells about Strawberries for Home and Market, which recommends itself to cultivators of that fruit. Henry James continues some interesting chapters of his serial Confidence, and Chapters VII to XIII continue the other serial The Grandissimes Henry A Beers contributes the poem Waiting for Winter. Edmund Clarence Stedman concludes his paper on Bayard Taylor. Charles Barnard has a story entitled Under High Pressure. John Burroughs writes about Nature and the Poets. J. D. Osborne describes the Oddities of Paris, Topics of the Times, Home and Society, Culture and Progress, The World's Work and Bric-a-Brac are full of variety and timely interest.

THE ROMAIKA.—With the ancient Greeks dancing and gymnastics formed an essential part of their education to develop personal grace and beauty of form. Both arts were not only practised on festive occasions, but extensively introduced in their religious rites and stage performances, and celebrated poets, statesmen generals and philosophers, like Plato, Sophocles, Epaminondas and even Socrates recommended and cultivated the terpsichorean art. Meursius describes 180 national dances of the ancient Greeks, but of far the greater number only the name is known in modern times, although numerous sculptures, especially bas reliefs, are extant, from which the ancient dances might be studied Among the most celebrated was the Pyrrhic war dance, the circular dances called "Hermos" and "Geranos," and a bacchanalian dance known under the name of "Cordax" The love for dancing remains unaltered in modern Greece On every festive occasion—birth, marriage, and even death—symbolical and rhythmical dances play a part, and the Greek peasant girls are as fond of their country dances as in olden times. The men perform pantomimic tableaus like the Albanian robber dance, and the women often assemble on the sea shore or village green to dance the 'Romaika." In Attica and in the island of Crete a picturesque dress, a glorious sky and magnificent landscape surroundings combine to make a 'Romaika' danced by girls as handsome as they are merry, a sight never to be forgotten. In a grove of oaks, laurels and oleander, open toward the shore, they form two chains, and follow the graceful turnings and windings of two leaders, who, tambourine in hand, mark the time to the accompaniment of the lute, chasing or opposing one another with playful caprice, supported by the chain of their followers If the leaders are tired, they throw a scarf to one of their companions, and the dance begins anew, to the delight of the palikara, who flock round the charming group as spectators.

History says that Eve first tempted Adam, but we have never heard her story.

A FAVORITE OLDTIME REMEDY For Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Catarrh and other diseases of the Bronchial tubes no more useful article can be found than the well known "Brown's Bronchial Troches"

Beware of Malaria.

The prevalence of this fatal disease in country and town indicates a danger to which we are all exposed. Its symptoms are easy to counterfeit and hard to eradicate. But Warner's Safe Pills neutralizes the poison and cures them. And they are equally effective against all bilious troubles.

Our Young Folks.

THE CAT AND THE MICE.

BY F L

"MY DEAR just listen to the noise those children are making," said Long-whiskers, an old mouse to his wife, Brighteyes, as a sound of scurrying to and fro and squeaking awoke them up from a nap they had been enjoying in a cosy nest in the wall of an old stable.

"Yes," replied Brighteyes, "how they are enjoying themselves; I suppose they do enjoy themselves more when they have no one looking after them. You remember that you were telling them yourself the other day that 'When the cat's away the mice will play.'"

"I hope," returned Longwhiskers, getting up, "that you don t mean to compare either yourself or me to a cat, but I must go and put a stop to this noise—there is no need whatever that all the cats in the neighborhood should know where we are living," and he was just going out of the nest when three little mice rushed in, calling out:

"Mother, the cat's gone away; may we go into the loft to play?

Brighteyes looked at her husband, who inquired:

'How do you know the cat has gone?"

"We saw her go down the loft ladder and out of the stable," answered Brownie, Nimble, and Squeakie all together.

"That may be," said their father, "but she might soon come back again. I must explain to you to morrow what I meant by mice playing when the cat is away. Meanwhile, I think you had better not go into the loft to day; but stay and play in the wall until your mother or I can take you out for I feel sure that the cat has a family of young children there, and if she has she will not stay away from them for any length of time; and mind you play quietly too, for if the cat should hear you she will keep watch at the mouth of the hole and then you will not be able to go out at all."

The news that their father suspected that there was a family of little cats in the loft greatly excited the young mice, and they earnestly begged him to let them go only a little way out of the wall to see if they could spy them anywhere, but their father was firm in his refusal to all their entreaties and they left the nest in a much soberer manner than they had bounced into it.

For some time they played together very quietly till at last Squeakie, who was very fond of singing and making a noise suddenly stopped.

'This is very stupid," said he, "what a pity it is that we can t go out of the wall!'

The others also took this view and the result was they resolved to disobey their father s orders not to go into the loft.

They ran out, and after a little searching they could see a small blind kitten lying in its nest. But then with a bound, the old cat sprang in amongst them.

Fortunately for Brownie and her brothers they escaped the cat s clutches and took refuge in a hole close at hand and after going for some distance they arrived at something which appeared to be a large store room filled with provisions, there were oats, one or two potatoes a bone with a little meat on it, a piece of cheese and sundry other things.

"How jolly," cried Nimble and Squeakie, "we shall not starve, at any rate; help yourself Brownie."

But Brownie held back.

'They are not ours," said she, "may we take them?"

"Hold hard, Squeakie," cried Nimble, as the former was about to attack the cheese, 'perhaps it is stealing. I wonder if there is anybody about that would give us some thing you are fond of hearing your own voice."

Squeakie sang with all his might when a gruff voice, not far from them immediately answered.

'Oh, you rascals! you thieves in my larder again, eh! and a large rat came running into the storeroom, showing his teeth and looking so fierce, that Brownie, Squeakie and Nimble now only thinking of safety, fled for their lives along the continuation of the passage by which they had come pursued by the old rat, calling out, 'Catch them!" and "Stop thieves! as loud as he could.

Hurriedly they scamper along, till, turning sharp round a corner they ran out into a yard, the old rat still at their heels and so bent upon catching them that he forgot his usual caution, which cost him his life, for a terrier which happened to be near, disdaining mice as too small try when rats were there, flew upon him and soon dispatched him.

But of this the little mice knew nothing at all. The scuffle behind them only increased their alarm, and they raced across the yard at the top of their speed towards a gate, having passed through which they escaped into some high grass, where they hid, breathless and exhausted. Nimble having received a sharp pack from a hen on his way, which had quite stunned him, and Squeakie having been scared out of the remainder of his wits by the loud quacking of some ducks as he passed close by them. It rained hard, half drowning the poor wanderers as they huddled together and felt thoroughly miserable.

"How I wish I had not sung so loud," whispered Squeakie.

"How I wish I had never seen a big cat," said Nimble, "I should then never have wanted to see a little one."

'How I wish we had done what father told us, and not gone into the loft, ' said Brownie.

"So do I," echoed both the others.

"And now," continued Nimble, "we can't go back; "for even if we crossed the yard safely, I don t think we could find the hole again."

"And if we did," added Squeakie, in a doleful voice, "we might find the old rat in it; so we are lost quite."

The poor little mice crept closer to each other and began to cry.

"Hullo! what's all this noise about?" cried a frog, as he jumped over the grass and alighted near them, causing them a terrible start. "What's the matter!"

"We have left home without leave, and been chased by a cat, and now we are lost," answered Brownie.

"Ah! that's bad," said the frog. "But don't give up so; come home with me to the pond, and you will soon be merry again there."

"What is the pond?" asked Squeakie.

"The pond," replied the frog. "oh, it's a nice piece of water; you can jump in, dive to the bottom, have a nice swim, and refresh yourself, and then we will sit around the edge and enjoy ourselves."

"I am much obliged, but I would rather not," said Squeakie, slowly. "I don't think I could be any wetter, and I don't feel refreshed a bit."

"But," interrupted Nimble, "perhaps you could tell us where we might find another mouse; we have a great many relations, and perhaps we might learn our way home then."

"Well," said the frog, after thinking a little, "I do know of a mouse, and one that does not live very far from here, too; so come along."

So on they traveled till at last they came to a corn stack, and stopped before an opening in it.

'Here is the place," said the frog, "up here, first turning to the right, and knock, that is what she told me. So now I will bid you good day;" and the frog left them.

Brownie pushed on in front and soon came to a turning.

"This must be the place," thought she, and with a beating heart she knocked.

'Come in," answered a hearty voice, and Brownie went forward into a comfortable room, in which sat a fat, merry-looking mouse, who, as soon as she saw her, jumped up, exclaiming:

"Bless me! why, Brownie, how did you get here? Where are Nimble and Squeakie?" and catching her in her arms began kissing her, only to let her go again, crying "Phaugh! how wet the child is! Have you been rolling yourself in a puddle, or what have you been doing?'

Brownie was so bewildered that she could not speak; until the mouse, asking her if she had forgotten her Aunt Sleekskin, who had left their home when they were quite young to go and live in the country, she remembered herself, and told her aunt that Nimble and Squeakie were outside; on hearing which, Aunt Sleekskin bustled out and soon returned with the two brothers.

After Brownie and her brothers had rubbed themselves tolerably dry and eaten some corn their aunt brought them, they told her all their adventures.

"Hum!' said she "a pretty scrape you have got into—that comes of not doing what you are bid; but it is no business of mine to give you a lecture about that, you will doubtless have plenty of it when you get home, where it is my business to take you as soon as it is dark enough to cross over the stable wall in safety. I dare say you know now as well as any of us that the best way to play when the cat s away is to have some one keeping a sharp look-out that while the play is going on the cat may not come and join in the game."

When evening set in, the little mice went home with Aunt Sleekskin who on arriving them in to their father and mother said:

'Here are three naughty culprits who have been learning lessons in disobedience and playing with cats which would cost them more good than all the taking you could give them in a week and in my opinion the best thing you can do is to send them to bed to think over it, and I can tell you all about where they have been."

This plan was adopted; the three children glady crept off to bed whilst Aunt Sleekskin sat down and had a chat with their parents, during which she must have explained matters satisfactorily for in the morning they escaped with a slight scolding, and the father evidently thought he had no need to explain to them the way to understand "When the cat s away the mice will play," for he never did so.

What is thought to be the largest oak in Great Britian is at Newland, and measures forty-seven feet, six inches in girth.

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 644 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. solutions and original contributions solicited.

ANSWERS.

No. 479. MATELOTS.

No. 480.
M A R C H
A G I L E
R I V E N
C L E A R
H E N R Y

No. 481. TARTAR EMETIC.

No. 482.
D
P E R
H A L E D
H A N A P E R
P A N O P L I E D
D E L A P S A T I O N
R E P L A C I N G
D E I T I E S
R E I N S
D O G
N

No. 483. MENDICANT.

No. 484.
H A W S E R
A L I E N E
W I Z A R D
S E A P A D
E N R A G E
R E D D E N

No. 485. Ulysses Simpson Grant.

No. 486.
G
C O P
T O M A S
T U M B R E L
C O M M I T T A L
C O M B I N A T I O N
P A R T A K I N G
N E T T I N G
L A I N G
L O G
N

No. 487. Prose, Robe, Rob, Orb, Or, O.

No. 488.
C O S S A R T
O C T O B E R
S T A T I V E
S O T A D E S
A B I D E R S
R E V E R I E
T R E S S E L

No. 489. His death, which happened at his birth,
At forty odd befell;
They went and told the sexton
And the sexton tolled the bell.

No. 490.
F
O R E
S O R E L
S E N I T E S
M O M O U R A T S
P E R I C R A N I U M
N E T R A C I N G
L E A V I N G
S T I N G
S U G
M

No. 491. NUMERICAL.
What's 1 to 7, or COMPLETE?
An author of renown.
The 1 to 4 will name a beat
Who walks around the town
The man who 4 to LAST this o'er,
Will say that it is very poor;
(And so will Wilkins, what is more.)
Baltimore, Md. ANIAN.

No. 492. SQUARE.
1. A kind of cudgel.
2. A portion of land.
3. A parasite.
4. A cockswain.
5. To occupy.
6. Wound.
Greenville, S. C. DEAN FOQUIER.

No. 493. CHARADE.
A fisherman whistling merrily
FIRST, SECOND, THIRD into the sea.
The FIRST, to throw an article TWO;
Sort of a heat drum, THREE you view.
For WHOLE an instrument is found
Which played gives forth a rattling sound.
Evansville, Wis. MISS L. TOR.

No. 494. SQUARE.
Now are you friend Wilkins? I heard
You wanted some FIRST, so I brought 'em
Your own having been thrown by THIRD
From the head of the stairs to the bottom,
No wonder a SECOND was heard,
Throughout all the house, even Dinah
Said 'FIRST were so FOURTH 'twas absurb
To ruin such elegant china."
Long association no doubt
Would FIFTH them to you in a manner;
But they've gone to that place down the spout
Where it is SIXTH flag no'er waves as a banner.
San Francisco, Cal. KNO. K

No. 495. DOUBLE CROSSWORDS.
Cut in worn but decollation,
Not in mass but aggregation,
Not in fall but decoration,
Not in mode but effrontation,
Not in pass but permutation,
Not in fete but consultation
Charles Dickens calls this youth a thief.
Let that be as it may
I'm sure the name I give above
Is but a SOUBRIQUET.
Dunkirk, N. Y. MY DOT.

No. 496. SQUARE.
1. Copper Nickel.
2. A bird.
3. An animal.
4. Prismatic.
5. A musical composition.
6. Small columns.
Gibson, Pa. ODOACER.

No. 497. CHARADE.
One to four, is a bird,
To say more, is absurd,
One that we often see in a tree
Is the word.
Now the LAST, you see here,
Where your fast, feeling queer,
You may break, if to slake thirst you take
Lager Beer.
In the WHOLE, there is seen
A quite olden machine
Edison often in fun made him one,
At thirteen.
Baltimore, Md. MAUD LYNN

No. 498. SQUARE.
1. A stalactite. 2. A fish. 3. An ornament. 4. The internal government of a State. 5. Constructs. 6. Satisfies.
Decatur, Ala. EGMA.

No. 499. CROSSWORD.
In frantic not in wild,
In parent not in child.
In floweret not in rose.
In digits not in toes.
In mammon not in gold,
In telling not in told,
In naughty not in nice,
In freezing not in ice,
In barley not in rice,
An opera—a puzzler wise
Can guess this if he only tries.
Philadelphia, Pa. KATE NICKLEBY.

No. 500. SQUARE.
1. Voluntas.
2. A declivity.
3. A male name.
4. A promise.
5. Magistrates.
6. Certain Ecclesiasts.
Philadelphia, Pa. MRS. NICKLEBY.

No. 501. CHARADE.
The Village Belle.
Her cheeks are like the blooming rose,
That's kissed by zephyrs of the May,
The bridge that spans her dainty nose,
Should be abridged a little way.
Her eyes are sweet, expressive blue
That sometimes you see in the sky;
Her pedals, colored hosed, are two
Peerless and tulysize too I deny.
In dress she has the latest styles,
And o'er French novels she does pour;
Her mouth, whene'er she sweetly smiles
Looks like a yawning cellar-door,
Her hands are white; each diamond ring
On them does literally blaze,
Whenever she may deign to sing
Her voice and something else she'll raise.
The color of her hair is gold,
Not red, as some would fain believe,
And as she has catarrhal cold
Her nose, with florid end, perceive.
Her Christian name is WHAT, how sweet!
Yet with her, it has sweeter growth:
She at her meals can little eat
Because she gorges when alone.
A dainty sylph is she, and none
Have ever her in grace surpassed,
Though Kitty says she'll weigh a ton
You would not think she'd weigh a LAST,
They title her "The Village Belle,"
Her ring's however "louder" are
Than other bells, and I may tell
Her tongue extends in length as far.
So as I WHOLE my heroine,
It is for you to find her name;
If you the maid herself would win—
"Ball in," success, may you her claim.
San Jose, Cal. NIC. O'DEMUS.

No. 502. SQUARE.
Shades of Adam, appear, appear,
And see the serpent PRIMALS here
And while you re here, please designate
This city in Wisconsin State.
Or to Missouri go, and see
This town, immortalized by me,
The instruments in FOURTH displayed,
Have never been by spirits played,
When FIFTH and SIXTH are realized,
You'll find to embellish—and demised
San Francisco, Cal. PERLY VERE.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES FOR SOLUTIONS.

1. The Post six months for FIRST COMPLETE list.
2. The Post three months for NEXT BEST list.

SOLVERS.

Cerebrations of Oct. 25th were solved by A. Solver, Ben. J. Mis, Flewy And, Maud Lynn, Anian, Alexander, O. Possum, Goose Quill, Hannah B. Gage, O. C. O. La., Theron, Effendi, O. W. L., Peggotty, My Dot, Grabrenew, Mrs Nickleby.

COMPLETE LISTS—A Solver.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. A Solver - - Kenton, Ohio.
2. Ben J. Mis. Independence, Mo.
3. A. Solver, - - Kenton, Ohio.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

Kno K. Square. Anian—Charade, Square and two Double Crosswords. Peggotty—Transposition, Logogriph, Characteristic Initials, Charade and two Anagrams. Maud Lynn—Square. Odoacer—Two Diamonds. Gil Blas—Charade. My Dot—Rhomboid, Crossword, Half Square, Triple Crossword and two Diamonds. Sancho Panza—Charades and two Anagrams.

LITTLE LETTERS.

ODOACER—All right, old Boy. Your Eleven Letters were all welcome.

KNO K.—Square just in good time. Look for the "Four in One" next week.

ANIAN—Crosswords excellent. Such carefully prepared puzzles never come amiss.

PEGGOTTY—For the number of good ones sent us this week we thank you heartily.

MAUD LYNN—Your last Seven Letter Poetical Square is certainly a "regular beauty."

SANCHO PANZA—Thought you had resigned, but were agreeably surprised by the receipt of the last lot.

GIL BLAS—Your last charade is quite a novelty as regards the word selected, and we are pleased to be the recipient.

MY DOT—Your Crosswords are always good and your work is put up in such a style to captivate any Puzzle Editor.

PERCY VERE—Next week we shall give ALL of the California Puzzlers and Puzzleresses a chance, and show what they are doing for Cerebrations and

WILKINS MICAWBER.

OVER THE RIVER.

BY M. C. B.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of Heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see:
Over the river—the mystic river—
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom barque—
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be:
Over the river—the mystic river—
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale—
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart.
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart,
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barques no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea:
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail—
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand:
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before;
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river the peaceful river—
The angel of death shall carry me.

CONCERNING GLOVES.

GLOVES, like their neighbors, shoes, have a history extending into antiquity. Xenophon and Homer speak of them, showing that they must have been in use among the Greeks and Persians from very early times. Pliny the Younger says in one of his Epistles that the amanuensis of the elder Pliny wore gloves in winter lest the severity of the weather should make him lose any time.

The manufacture of gloves has been an important trade in France from early times. In 760 or thereabouts, Charlemagne granted an unlimited right to the Abbot and Monks of Sithin to make gloves from the skins of the deer they killed. The Council of Aix, circa 830, prohibited the inferior clergy from wearing any but sheepskin gloves. Before this the Fathers of the Church had inveighed against the practice of glove-wearing as effeminate. The glovers of Paris constitute a considerable community, having statutes and laws dating back to 1190, which were confirmed, added to, and renewed by Louis the Fourteenth in 1656. Gloves were not generally worn in England until the fourteenth century, when they became popular with the better classes, who carried them in their hands, but not until the sixteenth century do we find constant allusion to them.

The tops of men's gloves were sometimes of red leather, the rest being white. Beaumont and Fletcher allude to this in their Scornful Lady (1616), the extract affording also an inkling as to the price of gloves at that particular period:

"Mark you, mistris; what hidden virtue is in this glove that you should bid me weare it? Is't good against sore eyes, or will it charm the toothache? Or are these red tops being steept in white wine soluble, will't kill the itch? If it have none of these, and prove no more but a bare glove of half a-crown a pair, 'twill be but halfe a courtesy."

In Ben Jonson's comedy, "The New Inne," Sir Glorious Tipsto speaks of his gloves as "the natives of Madrid." They were highly perfumed, and richly embroidered with gold and silver. Spain and Venice first supplied perfumed gloves, the trade having existed in Spain for centuries. Cervantes, in Don Quixote, refers to the delicious odors imparted from Spanish gloves, and Shakspeare makes Autolycus, in "A Winter's Tale," sing of "gloves as sweet as damask roses."

Embroidered and silk-knitted gloves were introduced about 1565, first coming from Venice. Ornamental gloves among men seem to have prevailed in 1710, as Bickerstaff speaks of the fringed glove worn by the gentlemen of that period; the fringe and the tops disappeared before the middle of the century, since which time the sterner sex have indulged in little that is ornamental in this way. Highly ornamental gloves were in vogue in England as well as other countries from very early times. Purple gloves set off with pearls and precious stones were anciently deemed ensigns of imperial dignity. In the ancient rituals it was directed that on the occasion of a king's burial fair linen gloves should be placed on his hands, and these were doubtless made with much ornamental addition. The effigies of Henry the Second and Richard the First at Fontevraud show gloves with jeweled backs, and when King John's coffin was opened in 1797 the remains of jeweled gloves were found on his hands, as on the hands of Edward the First when his tomb was opened at Winchester in 1774.

The diatribes of the early Fathers against the use of gloves do not appear to have influenced the Church as it might be expected they would, for we find that jeweled ones, made of white silk or linen finely embroidered, formed part of the attire of the dignified clergy in early days. Bruno, Bishop of Segni, says they were made of linen because the hands they covered should be chaste, clean, and free from all impurity. Pope Boniface the Eighth had white silk gloves beautifully worked with the needle, and ornamented with a rich border studded with pearls; and those worn by William of Wykeham, still preserved at Oxford, were of red silk, with a sacred monogram surrounded by a glory, and embroidered with gold on the backs. The color of these clerical gloves appears to have changed with the ecclesiastical seasons, but of the date of the origin of wearing them little is known. In the middle ages the priest who celebrated mass always wore gloves.

Long kid gloves were introduced in the time of Charles the Second, consequent upon the short sleeves then fashionable for ladies' dresses. Gauntlets were introduced in the reign of Edward the First, and underwent several improvements in succeeding reigns, designed principally for the better protection of the hand, until they fell into disuse with the decline of armor and progress of modern ideas. It was anciently a popular saying that three kingdoms must contribute to the formation of a good glove: Spain to prepare the leather, France to cut it out, and England to sew it.

We read of poisoned gloves as early as 1085, as those of Conan, Duke of Brittany, were supposed to have been poisoned at the instigation of William, Duke of Normandy. The Queen Dowager of Navarre, who was a Protestant, was poisoned by a pair of gloves on the marriage day of the King of Navarre.

There was a custom prevalent in England of giving servants money on Lammas Day to buy gloves, as a token of thanks for services rendered, the term "glove silver" arising therefrom. The Portuguese have a proverb on this head expressive of a person's integrity: "He does not wear gloves."

Sir Walter Scott calls the glove "a sign of irrefragable faith," and it has from the earliest times been considered a token of honor. To wear a glove on the hat or cap was an ancient custom, says a writer in Archæologia, "on three distinct occasions, namely, as a favor of a mistress, the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy." As a symbol of defiance the glove or gauntlet has always been used from time almost immemorial. At the Trojan games, nearly one thousand years B. C., it was used with this signification.

At the coronation of the English monarchs the Champion of England, appareled as an ancient knight, enters Westminster Hall, where the King is seated, and the Herald at-Arms proclaims the challenge, on which the champion throws down his gauntlet, which, having lain a short time, is taken up by the herald and returned to the champion. It is thrown down a second time after the herald has made a proclamation, and the King then drinks to the health of the champion and presents him with the cup after which he takes up his gauntlet and retires.

Any free mart or market was legally established in times past by the King sending a glove as a token of his consent and approval.

Grains of Gold.

Attention to small things is the economy of virtue.

Courage is often the fear of being thought a coward.

Do nothing to-day that thou will repent of to-morrow.

Be deaf to the quarrelsome, and dumb to the inquisitive.

A little thing consoles us, because a little thing affects us.

Love labor; if you do not want it for your food, you may for physic.

Do we judge of a tree by its rough or smooth bark, or by its fruit?

It is to live twice, when you can enjoy the recollection of your former life.

Account him thy real friend who desires thy good, rather than thy good-will.

On the heels of folly treadeth shame; at the back of anger standeth remorse.

Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond. Ask, but never beg.

It is better to accomplish perfectly a very small amount than to half-do ten times as much.

Most men take conviction from an adversary as children do physic, with a struggle and a shudder.

Some write, talk, and think so much about vice and virtue, that they have no time to practice either.

Ignorance is a blank sheet, on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one, on which we must first erase.

Our most perfect emotions are like birds of Paradise, which, if once they fall to the earth, can seldom rise again.

Hearts may be attracted by assumed qualities, but the affections are only to be fixed by those which are real.

Memory is the cabinet of imagination the treasury of reason, the registry of conscience, and the council chamber of thought.

Beware of anger of the tongue; control the tongue. Beware of anger of the mind. Practice virtue with thy tongue and with thy mind.

There are some people in the world who have a few friends with whom they are very intimate, and don't know how to treat the rest politely.

Sometimes a person who thinks that he is bound in common decency to cry, almost weeps for joy at the near approach of the tear of grief.

Sow not wishes in other people's gardens: wish not for that which you are not, but earnestly desire to be the very best of what you really are.

Let others act as they please, but do thou always act according to the dictates of thine own judgment, and take heed of being self-condemned.

Keep the head cool by temperance in all things, and the feet warm by actual exercise in the discharge of important duties—deeds of kindness.

Reticence is a valuable power, but one in the use of which great discretion is required; and it loses all its dignity as soon as it is practised without sufficient cause.

Let us never forget that every station in life is necessary; that each deserves our respect; that not the station itself, but the worthy fulfilment of its duties, does honor to a man.

The noblest spirits are those which turn to heaven not in the hour of sorrow, but in that of joy; like the lark, they wait for the clouds to disperse, to soar up into their native element.

Some people scorn to be taught; others are ashamed of it, as they would be of going to school when they are old; but it is never too late to learn what it is always necessary to know: and it is no shame to learn so long as we are ignorant—that is to say, so long as we live.

Femininities.

The maiden's band of hope—A husband.

A suitable dower for a widow is a widower.

A loan woman—One who has money out at interest.

All true women want to be patrons of husbandry.

Women are hereafter to be allowed to become notaries public in Ohio.

Mrs D E. Smith died at Legonia, Va., a few days ago. She weighed 616 pounds.

It takes a good deal of grief to kill a woman just after she has got a new sealskin sacque.

At Vassar some lisping ladies have formed a lisping club. Their principal study will be mythology.

True love like Greek fire, is unextinguishable; but unlike Greek fire, it burns with a pleasant fragrance.

When girls are young they'd like half a dozen birthdays a year; but as they grow old they don't care to have even one.

The light of a match will frighten a wolf away, it is said. But love-matches don't always keep the wolf from the door.

Never turn round in the street to see what another lady wears—because you will always find her doing the same thing.

Some people say it is dark-haired women that marry soonest, but elderly spinsters maintain that it is the light-headed ones.

A cynical old bachelor says: "Wedlock is like a bird cage. Those without peck to get in, and those within peck to get out."

Young married people who have their house built for them should have it built round, so that discontent can find no corner in it.

Hurricanes, it is supposed, are caused by all the women in the world talking at once; but their infrequency seems to militate against the theory.

Boots will not be worn this winter except for long walks or wet weather; for carriage wear and calls, shoes and silk stockings are fashionable.

As people sprinkle the floors before they wash them, so some ladies sprinkle their husbands with tears in order to sweep cash out of their pockets.

The age of economy has been reached in Foxboro, Mass., where a woman stopped a clock from running, being afraid it would wear out too fast.

If you do not wish to be exposed, don't talk too much before your children. A child's mind is like a Jack-in-a-box—once unlocked, it is all out in a minute.

Such is the universally charitable nature of woman that when she finds a man who has no mind of his own, she is always willing to give him a piece of hers.

One of the best kinds of training for a pedestrian is to have his girl live about ten miles from his home, with no railroad or stage communications, and the horses all busy.

A woman may not know who has saved her country, but she never forgets the name and address of the dressmaker who saved her five yards in making up a dress of her own materials.

Woman's dress may be superior to man's, but we don't want any garments around us that you have to stand up in to get your hand in the pocket—and then not find what you are looking for.

The far-seeing housewife is now deep in cogitation as to whether a dressing-gown or smoking cap for her husband at Christmas is most likely to produce a sealskin or a silk dress in return.

A veteran was relating his exploits to a crowd of boys, and mentioned having been in five engagements. "That's nothing," broke in a little fellow: "my sister Agnes has been engaged eleven times!"

'Samantha Jane" writes to inquire: "What is it a sign of to see a young man chewing cloves?" That he has a few, faint, lingering sparks of self respect left among the embers of a once noble nature.

Russian ladies have just begun to take part in boat races. In Saratoff the first prize, a golden bracelet, and the second, a golden breastpin, were adjudged to the two young ladies who handled the rudder.

A little girl the other night said her prayers, as usual, but happening to remember that there was another girl of the same name in town, added her own street and number, so that no mistakes should be made.

An Ohio man whipped his wife because she looked into his pockets and found a love letter that a girl had written to him. Things have come to a pretty pass when the halo of secrecy hitherto surrounding love letters is to be penetrated by one's wife.

Women are naturally good economists. They are apt to understand how to make limited means go as far as possible. If a man and his wife are united in the desire to get rich, the man is likely to think more about earning the money; the wife will attach more importance to saving it.

Ethel, a very little girl, is sent to one of the schools where words and their meanings are taught by descriptions of common objects, and by the application of terms to things which the pupils may see. When she came home the first day she examined her baby brother critically, as he lay in his cradle, and said, "Mother, Fred's oblong and horizontal, ain't he?"

A widow put crape on her door. The crape remained there about a week before the landlord made bold to interrupt her grief, and when he entered he found nothing there but the house. Her grief was so intense that she had inadvertently removed all the furniture. The debt of nature which has been paid was imaginary. The debt for rent remains uncancelled. And yet they say that women are not calculated for business.

Young man when you besiege the house of Jane Matilda, to the universal annoyance of the rest of the family, keeping them from their best room and the young lady from her bed, and finally, when you lead the trembling little confiding thing to the altar, make no mistake. Of course, you are in love; no one doubts that. But if it be yourself rather than Jane Matilda you are in love with, and all your doings are for that love's sole behoof, you would best not marry, unless you marry yourself, and not Jane Matilda.

Facetiæ.

Lost at Sea—The sight of land.

Sweetmeats—Sugar cured hams.

Coming to Grief—Meeting trouble halfway.

The whitewasher's business is always slack.

A criminal is like a ship when he is put in the dock.

You need write but a single letter to make Mary marry.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder of somebody else.

A Spirit wrapper—The paper around a bottle of whisky.

Trying Moment—When your new coat comes home from the tailor's.

Always be ready to help yourselves—but not to what does not belong to you.

Picture frames are not always hung on account of their gilt, any more than men.

Why are some people like eggs? Because they are too full of themselves to hold anything else.

An Irishman, on being asked at breakfast how he came by "that black eye," said he "slept on his fist."

Silence is not always golden. The oyster is continually getting into broils and stews, and he is quiet enough.

Whether old age is to be respected or not depends much on whether it applies to men and women, or poultry.

"They fired two shots at him" wrote a reporter; "the first shot killed him, but the second shot was not fatal."

There is more joy over the dollar which is found on the highway than there is over the ninety and nine which were never lost.

Husband: "Sorry (hic) I'm so late! Some fellows detained me." Wife: "I should have retired, but was detained the same way."

"Time is money," said a professor to a student. "Yes, of course it is," responded the student, "or how could we ever spend an evening."

A school teacher, who was recently kissed by mistake in the dark, explained her omission to use any light for nearly a month afterwards on the ground of hard times!

A narrow escape was that of the miser who, giving way to a sudden freak of liberality, put his hand into his pocket and found he had luckily left all his loose change at home.

A tramp in Nevada answered the question of a doctor, to whom he applied for relief, as to what he could do in the way of work, "Well, doctor, I could dig graves."

A man who has a very small nose joked another whose nose was very large. The latter exclaimed, "What are you so severe on my nose for? Do you think it was made at the expense of yours?"

A lady who was suffering under a slight indisposition told her husband that it was with the greatest difficulty she could breathe, and the effort distressed her exceedingly. "I wouldn't try, my dear," soothingly responded the husband.

A man, passing through a gateway in the dark, ran against a post. "I wish that post was in the lower regions!" was his angry remark. "Better wish it were somewhere else," said a bystander. "You might run against it again, you know."

If some kind of an amendment could be added to the marriage service which would make it mandatory upon the part of the bride to rise in the morning and kindle the fire, there would be fewer old bachelors thumping about the country.

"Handsome is that handsome does," quoted a man to his wife, on a recent occasion. "Yes," rejoined the lady, in a winning tone, and holding out her hand. "For instance, a husband who is always ready to hand some money to his wife."

Papers—The paper having a large circulation—the paper of tobacco. Paper for the "roughs"—sand-paper. Paper containing many fine points—the paper of needles. Drawing paper—dentists' bills. A paper that takes—a sheriff's warrant.

"I wish I were you for about two hours," she said, with great tenderness. "And why, my dear?" he asked, with considerable interest. "Because," she said, toying affectionately with his watch chain,—"because then I would buy my wife a new bonnet."

Oh, the inconsistency of women! She murmurs, "Love me little, love me long," then goes and sues her obedient lover for breach of promise when, to fulfil her wishes, he puts off the wedding day year after year in his efforts to love her long and a good deal.

"He is very ignorant of the rules and usages of polite society," remarked one lady. "Very," put in a second; "he eats his pie with a knife." "Eats his pie with a knife!" repeated Mrs. Shoddy. "Well that is ignorance! Why don't he eat it with a spoon, like everybody else?"

"What are you worth?" asked a rich old miser, of a young man who was courting his only child. "Not much now; but I'm coming into a large fortune in a few years," was the reply. The marriage took place, and then the old miser learned that the large fortune which the young man was coming into was his father-in-law's.

A poor woman called at a grocer's the other day, and asked for a quart of vinegar. It was measured off, and put into her gallon jug. She then asked for another quart, to be put into the same vessel. "And why not ask for half a gallon, and be done with it?" said the grocer. "Och! bless your little bit of a soul," answered she, "it's for two persons."

The sight of a man wheeling a baby-carriage in the street is a sign, not that the infant is weak, but that the man's wife is strong. And yet, if we were to judge from the amiable grin with which the fond father, under these circumstances, salutes every passing acquaintance, we might erroneously suppose he was really doing it just for the fun of the thing.

AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER, Bilious Disorders, Sick Headache, &c., are thoroughly cured by Dr. Jayne's Sanitive Pills. Acting as a general laxative, they remove all irritating and fecal matter from the bowels, gradually change the vitiated secretions of the stomach and liver, and restore these organs to a healthy condition.

THE WIFE'S REPROOF.

BY SYLVIA A. MOSS.

A GREAT many people seem to delight in finding fault, especially in their own homes. It is next to impossible to suit them. Their food is always too salt or too fresh, too rich or too plain, burned or underdone The house is invariably too cold or too hot; their clothes either fit too tight or too loosely. They either have corns on their feet, or else have shoes "a mile too large." The atmosphere is stifling, or rather too breezy, and there is nothing on earth worth living for. Such people must be most miserable; they never know what will suit them, nor is anyone able to anticipate their needs—they are slaves to a deplorable habit from which they find it almost impossible to ever break away Occasionally some one succeeds in breaking up the selfish, disagreeable habit which threatens to destroy all domestic peace. Such an occasion is long remembered in the family though the fact is seldom chronicled for the benefit of others. Here however is a story concerning fault finding that was written in the old-a time:

One day as Zachariah Hodgson was going to his daily avocations after breakfast, he purchased a fine large codfish, and sent it home to his wife with directions to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking was described, the good woman well knew that whether she boiled it, or made it into a chowder, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him once, if possible, and therefore cooked portions of it in several different ways. She, also, with some difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from a brook back of the house, and plumped it into the pot. In due time her husband came home; some covered dishes were placed upon the table, and with a frowning, fault finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation.

"Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it. I will bet anything you have spoiled it for my eating." (Taking off the cover) "I thought so. What in creation possessed you to fry it? I would as lief eat a boiled frog."

"Why, my dear, I thought you loved it best fried"

"You didn't think any such thing. You knew better. I never loved fried fish. Why didn't you boil it?"

"My dear, the last time we had fresh fish you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it best fried. But I have boiled some, also."

So saying she lifted a cover, and lo! the shoulders of the cod, nicely boiled, were neatly deposited in a dish a sight of which would make an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the ill-nature of her husband.

"A pretty dish, this!" exclaimed he. "Boiled fish! Chips and porridge! if you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind, you would have made it into a chowder!"

His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him, containing an excellent chowder.

"My dear," she said, "I was resolved to please you. There is your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish, indeed! I dare say it is an unpalatable, wishy-washy mess. I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who, as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish near her husband, and there was a bull frog of portentous dimensions and pugnacious aspect stretched out at full length.

Zachariah sprung from his chair, not a little astonished at the unexpected apparition

"My dear," said his wife in a kind, entreating tone, "I hope you will be able to make a dinner."

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finally overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right and he was wrong, and declared that she should never again have occasion to read him another such lesson—and he was as good as his word.

Mrs. Margaret Robertson, of Cooner Angus, Scotland, died recently, aged 107. She lived under three British kings and one queen. She talked with scorn of poor creatures who could not live over 80 or 90 which she declared to Sir Henry Thompson, the surgeon, was "nae age at a'." The clay pipe was always in her mouth. "I've smoked a' my days," she said. "It's had plenty of time to dae me ill, and it's never socht."

A Revitalizer

This you will find in the new "Compound Oxygen Treatment," which is now attracting such universal attention. It is especially valuable where from any cause there exists great physical and nervous exhaustion. All convalescents will find in it just the help they need for full and quick recovery, because it acts as a revitalizer. A Treatise on "Compound Oxygen," containing a large number of testimonials to most remarkable cures will be sent free by mail. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Phila., Pa.

News Notes.

England is delighted with California's canned apricots.

Some New York ladies of means spend $18 for the buttons of their jackets.

Mr. Fisher, of Shelby, Mich., carried $300 around in his pocket till it got lost.

East Tennessee is shipping timber logs in large quantities to Germany, via Pensacola.

Mrs. Sherman will be compelled to refrain from social life this season on account of ill-health.

The coming Queen of Spain holds her head up like a chicken in the act of swallowing water.

New Orleans is considering a thorough system of sewerage, which will cost a million and a half.

The farmers in the Northwest have made from $70 000 000 to $100,000 000 by the rise in the price of grain.

The London Examiner says thas there is no less than 300 young Americans now studying art in Paris.

Mink cloaks are again shown as fashionable garments. This fur is especially liked by elderly ladies.

Some enemy of a Missouri saw millowner drove spikes into the logs, so that $500 worth of saws were spoiled.

A new well at Houston, Ga., is said to send forth a current of gas so strong that two mills are run by it.

Another indication of a business revival is the large number of weddings which are to take place this season.

A negro at Little Rock has had 242 warts cut from his body by a surgeon, and he is now lighter by eleven pounds.

One San Francisco jeweler sold $26 000 worth of gems for use at Senator Sharon's reception to General Grant.

The crops have been so bad in north Italy this season that emigration to South America has received a powerful impetus.

No French publisher will accept a story without it contains love, jealousy, murder, police, and several wine suppers.

A boy sixteen years old the other day hanged himself in Liverpool because somebody had "found fault with him."

The Earl of Aberdeen is about to build, at a cost of $275,000 a railroad, ten miles in length, through his Scotch estates.

Mr. Spurgeon said the other day that now, as in the days of Luther, men stand staring at the truth like cows at a new gate.

Baron Rothschild, of Vienna, has had built for the use of his favorite horse a box costing $12 000, and a stable costing $30,000.

The young wife of Senator Call, of Florida, is regarded by a society correspondent as the most beautiful woman in Washington.

There are now 151 Indian pupils at the training school at Carlisle barracks, representing nearly all the known tribes in the United States.

The Spanish Chamber of Deputies will vote an annuity of $18 000 a year to the new Queen of Spain, and $10 000 per annum in case of widowhood.

The Princess of Wales is said to have presented her sister-in-law, the Duchess of Edinburgh, with four magnificent dresses, worth over $5 000 each.

The Russian missionaries in Japan have succeeded in converting 4 000 Japanese to their faith. A Bishop is to be sent to Jeddo by the St. Petersburg Synod.

An Oregon teacher, Miss Yocum, has taken up a land claim, fenced it, built a house, and raised this year 618 bushels of grain besides teaching her school.

There is great complaint now in England of the number of foreign workmen residing in England, who go for the wages which British workmen quarrel with.

The Italian press is clamoring for a new law which will render divorce easier than it is now in the kingdom, where husbands and wives at daggers' points are forced to live together.

Illinois is a tolerably well cultivated State, but, with 20 000 000 acres under cultivation, it has 3,000 000 acres unimproved, an area larger than Massachusetts and Connecticut put together.

The widow of James Fisk Jr., boards at South Deerfield, Mass., with a couple who formerly were her coachman and cook. This is not from economical motives, however, for she has a handsome competence.

There is at present considerable discussion among Minnesota farmers in regard to sowing winter wheat on the prairies. Conflicting opinions are entertained, but there is a disposition among them to give it a fair trial.

Briquettes, or compressed fuel of small or waste coal, are now manufactured near one of the English mines at the cost of a shilling a ton. They are an excellent fuel, and have long been used in France.

Ditches are dug along the Iron Mountain and Southern Railroad, three feet wide and two feet deep, by means of an enormous plow, which is drawn by a locomotive. This machine does the work of 1,000 men.

The next Legislature of Texas, it is thought, will adopt a provision making it a misdemeanor, at least, if not a felony, for a railway company to give, or for any one not a paid employe of a railroad, or a pauper, to accept a free pass.

Hop Bitters strengthens, builds up and cures continually, from the first dose.

When Tennyson is at work he sits fenced in by a number of screens at a writing-table facing the window. Clay pipes in endless profusion lie about on tables and books The poet's son, Hallam, acts as secretary, copying manuscripts, writing letters, etc.

An anti fat spring has been discovered in Anaheim, Cal. Obese people who drink of the waters immediately begin to lose flesh, and that without any violent action of the water. Samples are to be sent to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington for analysis.

Jos. A. Blair, who was acquitted of the charge of murdering his coachman, has moved from New Jersey to Brooklyn, taking his household goods with him. He had lately received threatening letters with skulls and crossbones roughly sketched on them.

Tossing upon a Bed of Agony.

Tortured in every joint with inflammatory rheumatism, is a prospect which may become a melancholy fact if the twinges of the dread disorder are not checked at the outset Persons of a rheumatic tendency find Hostetter's Stomach Bitters a useful remedy, nor do they encounter the risk in using it they do in resorting to that active poison Colchicum, which is often employed to arrest the malady The use of the Bitters is equally as effective in its results, and is attended with no risk. There is ample testimony to prove that the medicine possesses blood depurating qualities of no common order, besides those of a tonic and general alterative It stimulates the action of the kidneys and promotes the removal from the system of impurities which develop disease, and are fraught with serious danger. Fever and ague, dyspepsia, debility, nervousness, constipation, etc., are remedied by it.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

To Be Kept at the Head.

Each of Warner's Safe Remedies—the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, Safe Pills, Safe Nervine, and Safe Bitters, is asserted to be the best of its class, and the intention is to keep it so. If any medical expert can add an ingredient which will improve any one of them, he will be paid a high price for the improvement.

Sly Doctors.

It is a fact that many of the "regular" doctors who will not recommend Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure for the diseases which it so effectually removes, yet use it "on the sly" in their practice. They must soon adopt it openly as the standard remedy.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City*.

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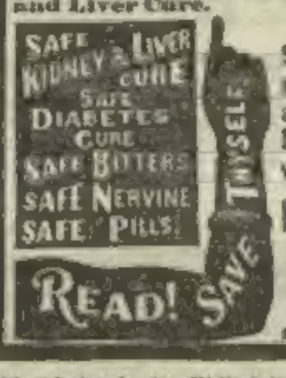

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

THE present materials are divided into two classes—brocade and plain. Brocades are made of rich damask silk, lampas, and silk brocades. They are also made of a mixture of silk and worsted. Then there are fancy materials of pure worsted, or of cotton and worsted, with brocaded designs, imitated from richer materials. These are low in price, and suitable to most purses. I will try to describe the patterns of these materials. The backgrounds are plain and of a dark shade, and over this run a host of little patterns in all shades, from the lightest to the darkest tints, one of them, however, always dominating. The patterns themselves resemble the cotton patterns of the last century, without precisely being the same. Another style is the Turkish cashmere. Here the groundwork is not entirely of one tint, but is shaded, and this is covered with a pattern of palms, mixed with flowers and foliage, the whole representing patterns seen on Turkish carpets. Even brocades, therefore, may be divided into Old English, Pompadour, and Turkish.

The liberty to wear a corsage of a color and material differing from that of the skirt, allows an immense variety in our toilettes at small cost. The very fashionable tailor-cut jackets if made in black Pekin velvet can be worn with any skirt. The same shape in cashmere Oriental, of silken tissue or traine with wool, forms a most coquettish costume, whether worn with a black or colored skirt. Only there are certain rules to be followed if colored skirts are worn, from which we must not depart.

All colored jackets of fancy material can be worn with black skirts, but if worn with colored skirts, the shade must match, or the trimmings must be of the same material as the casaque. For example, I noticed some lovely toilettes of woolen and silk material; the skirts were of drawn silk, divided by quilles of cashmere, woven with palms. The entire jacket was of the fancy cashmere.

The Oriental cashmere are woven in Oriental colorings upon dark grounds, as Bordeaux, very dark green, blue, and black; those upon light grounds are chiefly of silk, and are very costly; these are used principally for waistcoats trimmings, being too costly to cut up for every day wear.

The sleeves of all jackets are made of the material of which the jacket is composed.

As for the shape or form of dresses, there is no decided fashion. Complete liberty, on the contrary, is allowed. Each dressmaker will follow her own inclination, or the inclination of any lady who may have ideas of dress. The tight or collaret style, however, will form the basis of every costume, whether short or long—that I can assure you. It is a mistake to think that trains are no longer worn. In society they are as much worn as ever, and are sometimes of immense length. Even for walking long dresses are worn as well as short dresses. Everyone selects the dress according to the time and place when it is to be worn.

Evening dresses for demi toilette, are made of muslin delaine of one color. The prettiest are of cream color. The front of the dress is filled with very fine plaitings, and over this two scarves, edged with plaitings of point d'esprit tulle which meet at the back, and are continued down the back en jabot with satin ribbons between the puffs. The bodice, open in front, forms a fichu, plaited in at the waist. A plaiting of point d'esprit tulle forms a chemisette in the opening of the neck. Sleeves to the elbow, with plaiting of point d'esprit tulle and bow at elbow. A flower at the waist.

Lace necklets are in full vogue. These are ruches, edged on each point with satin ribbons. They are tied round the neck, with a bow in front. No collar is necessary with these ruches. They are copied from old portraits of the period of Henry IV. of France. They are very becoming when made of real lace. They may be made of black lace for black dresses. Another novelty is the Revere or Huguenot collar of white point d'esprit, for full dress, and of black point d'esprit for demi-toilette.

A very pretty toilette, which may be worn by day or in the evening, consists of a skirt of carmelite satin crossed by scarfs of soft silk fringed with chenille, and a Tallien coat bodice in wallflower color. The bodice is crossed from the left shoulder to the right hip by a scarf of old gold colored satin, embroidered with shaded wallflowers in floss silk. The lower edge of the scarf is bordered with chenille fringe, and a chenille collaret is worn round the neck. The Cerquy bodice, with paniers in ruby and florentine green, is worn with a satin skirt, ornamented at the side with bows of plush, or with a skirt of Hindoo cashmere in silver grey, sky blue, moss green, etc. This bodice does not increase the apparent size of the figure, as the paniers are placed far back at the side, and the front form a flat waistcoat.

Very stylish panier-fichus, as they are called, are made of black lace and tulle, and with a little skill and taste an equally good result may be obtained by utilizing half worn lace shawls, tabliers, or old-fashioned mantelets, of black flowered or figured net, or blond lace. Take two bands one inch wide and a yard and a quarter long; cut these slantingly at one end, and sew them together, so as to form a point, and on this point, which should rest on the waist when the fichu is worn, and underneath a loop of very narrow ribbon. Trim these bands on both sides with dentelle de Paris, or Chantilly lace, three or four inches wide, when they will form a long scarf fichu to cross in front on the chest. On a length in proportion to the size of the waist, gather the width of the scarf in three or four folds, and on these sew a piece of black ribbon about an inch wide, which is intended, when the fichu is placed on the shoulders and crossed in front, to be passed round the waist, through the small ribbon loop on the point. This band fastens the point of the fichu at the back, and on it also the end of each band is added in three pleats. This length of about a yard of the band of net and lace draped on the ribbon forms the panier, on the edge of which a thread is drawn to form a coquille at each side, in such a way as to let the upper row of lace fall naturally and easily over the other. Then at the edge of the second row of lace a large rosette of the same lace is placed, made in the following way: "But a round piece of black stiff net about the size of a silver dollar; place in the middle a bow of black satin, rather more than an inch wide, composed of twelve or fifteen loops and ends from twelve to fifteen inches in length. Fasten in the centre of the rosette in three or four places lace through which a running thread has been passed, and in drawing this thread the desired effect will be obtained, which is to form a large coquille.

A simple dress, well made, will always be more elegant-looking than a rich dress made and worn without taste. A well-made dress also, however simple it may be, never looks common or vulgar, whatever may be its age. It is necessary to repeat this over and over again to ourselves, in order not to be tempted to adopt some of the harlequin dresses, and Chinese monsters, and Japanese eccentricities which we but too frequently see now-a-days on some of our best ladies. But these ladies, we must remember, have generally the means to throw aside a dress as soon as a fresh fashion comes in to displace it from popular favor. They have also a great change at command, which all of us have not. Yet we would fain look as well and elegantly dressed as the richest lady with whom we may be in company. And for this we must study taste, not richness of material or fancy fashions. Nothing can ever be more elegant or more becoming than black; and here precisely is a black toilette which I can recommend to our readers for a model. It is simply a "Javotte" costume of black cashmere or muslin-de-laine. The skirt, which is short, is trimmed with four plaited flounces, each flounce in its turn being trimmed round with three rows of narrow satin ribbon. This trimming is very effective, and lightens up the dress in a remarkable style, giving it great elegance. Instead of a panier tunic there is a scarf tunic, which, however, forms three puffs at the back, and not a puff and ends as other scarf tunics. This scarf is edged round like the flounces with several rows of satin ribbon. A *paysanne* body, with the basques looped up with bows of black satin ribbon. The front is reversed with black satin, and the open square is filled in with black satin, which may be taken out when the dress is worn in the evening. The lower part of the body is drawn into very fine plaits. A costume of peacock blue Indian cashmere and Indian brocade has the skirt of cashmere with two pleated flounces ornamented with brocade. The tunic is of cashmere, with Louis XIII. draperies gathered in the middle and bands of brocade. The back of the tunic is arranged like the hood of an Algerian bournous trimmed with two bands of brocade; the jacket is of cashmere bordered with brocade. With this toilette is worn a Vendean chapeau of steel-grey felt, bordered with silk cashmere, and trimmed with a scarf of Indian silk folded round the crown and five gilded blue wings.

Fireside Chat.

FANCY WORK NOVELTIES.

AT a recent dinner party the ladies amused themselves in the evening by making *impromptu* lamp shades, so novel, so easy, and so pretty that I will begin my paper by describing them. A sheet of ordinary colored tissue paper is taken, folded once, and held in the thumb and finger of the left hand, like a handkerchief. It is then drawn through the right hand, from top to bottom, over and over again, till it is a mere wisp. An inch is cut off the point at the top, to form the hole for the chimney of the lamp to pass through. The paper is then spread out, and falls in four graceful crimped points. The shade is complete; and when dexterously put over the globe (before the lamp is turned up very bright) throws a pretty, subdued light. Pink, pale green, yellow, or violet are all favorite colors; and when two or more colors are put over each other, the effect is very pretty. It is thus easy to vary the lamp shades, and to have a selection of all colors in reserve. The soft, subdued light of the shades is pleasant, and at the same time becoming. Pretty shades can be made of gold paper, with delicate fern fronds or ivy leaves, first pressed and partially dried, and then gummed on and varnished, an edge of light lace added round at the last. Old discolored shades can be recovered, and thus renovated, with advantage. Gold paper is much used for decoration just now. I saw a very handsome glass standing screen the other day with ferns on gold paper, between the glass, and a smaller one arranged in the same way with seaweeds. Both were the work of a lady. The panels of a door and a cupboard in a small sitting room were filled in with gold paper, and were covered with fern specimens and ivy leaves, artistically arranged and varnished. The effect was exceedingly good. Little table mats, with a border of small ivy leaves, either real or artificial, looked pretty, under glass vases. The common, cheap rush hats which have been so popular all the summer for country and seaside wear, are now being turned to account as work baskets. They are lined with a color, held by a broad ribbon attached to the crown and sides, finished off in a bow, and ornamented with some floral design in odds and ends of wool. Most of them are gilded, and the favorite decoration is a bunch of poppies on one side. Liquid gold is quite effectual for gilding them. Sometimes they have a wire round the edge and are bent, and instead of worked flowers have a cluster of artificial ones sewn on. The other kind of rush basket, which has been in vogue for some time now, can be improved by running a broad colored ribbon or velvet in and out, and adding bows at the handles. Some antimacassars were shown me the other day, half of blue satin and half of black, edged with gold lace, and a large monogram worked in gold thread in the centre. The two pieces of satin were cut like half handkerchiefs and joined. The monogram was between four and five inches long, and almost as broad. A novelty in the way of curtains are the lace ones, in colors. Dark blue and brown are the only colors I have seen as yet, except the light blue ones, which were specially dyed for the room. It is easy enough to get the white ones dyed any color, according to fancy, and the effect is very pretty, as well as uncommon. Velvet panels at distances round a room look well to arrange china and curiosities on. The velvet can either be simply stretched over wood, or finished with a narrow gold beading. A narrow one up the side of a mirror over a mantelshelf looks well, and shows off choice bits of china to advantage. Velvet painting is beginning to attract attention, and on panels is most effective. It is to be seen now on valances, cushions, small panels of cabinets, and framed on walls. A mantel valance in the velvet looked very effective and rich with a design of sprays of maidenhair fern worked in gold-colored filoselle. The sprays were continuous, but everyone a little different, so that there was no stiffness. A cushion, bannerscreen, and the cover of a large photograph album were also of blue velvet, and had a graceful spray of ivy worked on each in the same gold-colored filoselle. Pretty, novel antimacassars for sofa and chairs can be made of wide insertion of the coarse lace called "antique," now so much in vogue for furniture and thick morning dresses, joined together by bows of colored satin ribbon. Each strip is laid down beside each other and joined by passing the ribbon through the edges and tying it in a graceful bow. About 4in. or 5in. apart the bows should be, and the bows on each strip should not be on a line, but sitting in, in diamond form. Strips of this insertion and muslin, with a frill of narrower lace all round, make effective chair backs. Couvrettes for bois on satin sheeting, worked in crewel or arrasene embroidery, have a beautiful effect. One lately seen had a broad border worked all round, crossing at the corners. Upon the crossings were appliqué medallions of sheeting of a different color to the quilt, containing a large monogram, the same monogram was in each medallion. Other couvrettes have a delicate pattern worked all over in old-fashioned colors, in imitation of the work of past generations.

Gipsy Table Border.—Nothing is newer or more effective than the arrasene embroidery on satin. A border, cut in vandykes, with the points rounded off, and a design in each vandyke, is beautiful. Peacock color, dark red, or gold color are the most favorite tints just now. White jessamine and leaves on either dark red or pale blue would be suitable for a tablecloth. A border in old-gold satin, with a running design of the large purple clematis, is particularly effective, and this flower on white, for a very nice cloth, would be quite novel, and very uncommon. A novelty in borders, is one composed of alternate widths of colored ribbons of two or three shades, and lace insertion between each. The lengths are joined a little way down, and then left loose, each one is then run at the edge on the sides, and gathered up, forming a sort of shell. A little colored tassel is placed between each. The lace and ribbon should be from 4in. to 5in. wide.—H.

New Heels.—An accomplishment not generally known, and one which I think will be welcome to your readers, is to put new heels to knitted or woven stockings without remaking the whole foot. Cut carefully the line of the heel where the lines begin to run straight for the length of the foot, as far up as it is necessary to begin knitting the new heel, and then take up on a fine needle and with great care the severed stitches and fasten them off; then cut across from the line of the heel to the back of the stocking until the heel is entirely removed, and once more with a fine needle take up the stitches and begin to knit with fine wool (Andalusian is very good for woven woollen stockings; for knitted stockings match the wool they are made with), and knit one plain, one purl row, until you require to turn the heel, when you proceed in ordinary stocking knitting, except that as the heel is detached from the foot, you have to continue knitting purl and plain rows alternately, and remember to begin the turn of the heel always on a purl row. Slip the first stitch in every line. When the heel is completed, take some wool in a worsted needle, and sew the row, join, cast off in the foot to the new heel, and your work is completed. N. B.—It may be necessary to take up two stitches at a time several times in the row, when you begin to knit with wool on to a woven stocking, as the woven articles are always finer than any yarn or wool.—Knitting Needle.

Occupation for Invalids.—I venture to suggest one which I think is not known in America, viz: the ravelling out of pieces of silk which are to be again woven into rugs or counterpanes. The smallest pieces of silk are useful, and it is an employment not without charm. Of course, it is a work of time and patience; but every morsel of ribbon or silk can be used. It may be faded, but should not be soiled. It is best for the pieces to be about two inches square. The colors (not the shades) should be kept separate; but there may also be a general mixture of odds and ends to form the border, whereas the distinct colors will be woven in stripes. For a rug it requires 4lb. of ravelled silk; for a counterpane one must have 6lb. I need hardly say they are delightfully soft and comfortable. I know one paralysed old gentleman who made this his last winter's occupation. Friends must be asked to save their ribbons, neckties, pieces of silk, however old; and the work once begun, it is rarely one has to wait for a supply of material. I presume any ordinary weaver would undertake to weave the silk. This ravelled silk can also be spun and knitted into stockings.—Traveler.

Many of the handsomest New Year's Day toilets are trimmed with marabout feather fringes and ruches. Slippers and bands across the instep, or ornamented with jewels, steel, or gold or silver buckles, and sometimes with a small bouquet of flowers, are to be worn *de rigueur* with full evening or ball toilets. The favorite dress bonnet of young ladies and young matrons is of maroon velvet with gold and garnet bead edges and trimmings of garnet ribbon and feathers and a dash of pale blue or rose color in an ostrich tip on some part of the same. A dress of blue silk can be freshened by having a finely plaited apron draped at the sides under full ruches made in the chicoree style, very thickly plaited; these are mixed with puffings of tarlatan. The train is trimmed up for some distance with finely plaited double ruffles, set in groupes headed by chicoree ruches; above this is the drapery of tarlatan, held in place by bands of marguerites.

Mrs. Lewis was alone at night in a house at Air Line, Ohio. She was awakened by the dropping of the key from the lock of the front door. Guessing aright that a burglar had pushed it out, she primed herself with a pistol, and, when he intruded his head, fired at it. His dead body was taken away by a companion in the wagon that was to have carried the plunder.

Answers to Inquirers.

ADMIRER, (Boston, Mass.)—"D'Œil Crève, might be translated "A Shot in the Eye."

MATTIE, (Pittsburg, Pa.)—Stephen C. Foster is the author of the song "Oh! Folks at Home."

S. O, (Richmond, Va.)—The institution has been since shown to be unworthy of confidence

FLORRY, (Guernsey, Ohio.)—It is more ridiculous superstition that Friday is an unlucky day.

VIOLA, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—We do not know what profit is use you can make of your collection of old postage stamps

ALPHA, (Greene, Tenn.)—Where there is a natural tendency for the whiskers to grow, their growth may be promoted by daily shaving for a while.

CATHARINE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The translation of the inscription, which correctly is "Fidelis ad amrum," is "True as gold." The language is Latin.

T. T. T. (Alameda, Cal.)—Hard pomatum is made by melting together one pound of prepared suet and three ounces of white wax, perfuming it with any favorite essential oil.

LIME, (Gadsen Fla.)—Besides the medical and legal professions, the term "professional gentleman" includes clergymen, authors, architects, teachers of music, engineers, etc.

CAROLINE, (Spencer, Ind.)—You can only write a polite letter stating your reason for refusal. The impulse of the moment is not a fault, and would be doubtless overlooked.

ANN, (Kent, Del.)—According to the language of Christian names, Anita, Anine, Anna, Anne, Ann, Anna, and Annete, each signify grace, goodwill. Agnes signifies a lamb.

FLORA, (Woodford, Ky.)—To strengthen and tighten the gums wash your mouth three or four times a week with a little tincture of myrrh in cold water. About one part of the former to three parts of the latter.

EDITH, (Madison, Texas.)—A gentleman thirty years older than yourself ought not to show his airs in the capacity of a suitor. We think you ought to congratulate yourself that he, by his own doing, has broken off the engagement.

CLARA, (Midland, Iowa.)—The beauty of the nails consists in having them of a well-proportioned size and length, curved from side to side, transparent and of a light red color; their surface should be smooth and polished, and the roots apparent.

T. T., (Rutland, Vt.)—Having been introduced to the young lady on whose account you are suffering so keenly, you should speak to her whenever you have an opportunity, and take occasion to learn your fate. You certainly seem to be in a desperately bad way now.

MAY, (Hinds, Miss.)—The power of application is surely a natural gift, as much as memory is; both, without doubt, are important, but as we find some men who can commit nothing to memory so we find others who however well intentioned, find it impossible to apply.

HYTHE (Lowell, Mass.)—"Davy Jones's Locker" is a slang expression used by sailors when they speak of something lost in the sea. A locker is a sort of little safe or cupboard fitted up in the cabin of a ship, but what the origin of the names prefixed thereto may be we cannot say.

WHITE M. (Dundee, N. C.)—"Monte Christo" and "The Three Musketeers" are generally considered to be Alexander Dumas' best works. A young lady to be "accomplished" must know music, drawing, singing, French, and everything connected with a good English education.

M. T. (Gloucester, Mass.)—Thomas Wolsey, the son of a butcher in Ipswich, England, rose to the highest offices in the Church and State. He was Archbishop of York, Chancellor and Prime Minister of England, the Pope's Legate, and a cardinal. Historians suppose that he committed suicide.

THIRSTY JOE, (Jefferson, W. Va.)—No one could advise you how to do for yourself half that you require. To quicken the perception and to be able to converse well, may be the work of years. Read histories, travels and essays, and you will begin to improve yourself in the way to help out your aspirations.

C. W. C. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—It is against our rule to advertise such matters in this column. Apply to some publishing house, and they will furnish you with a catalogue that will contain just what you need, should you not be aware of any send an addressed postal and we will forward the required information.

S. T. T. (De Witt, Ill.)—We know nothing about the advertisement in question. Use a hard hair-brush to promote a healthy circulation in the skin of the scalp, whereby the growth of the hair will be strengthened, the coloring matter sent freely up into the hair-tubes, and the tendency to grayness thereby checked.

G. R. (Fayette, Iowa.)—The total losses of the French and Germans in the three battles preceding the capitulation at Sedan and and the siege of Metz has been estimated at 40,000 slain. The total loss by killed and wounded of the allies at the battle of Waterloo was under 23,000. The English had 1,419 killed, 4,329 wounded, and 602 missing.

PIANIST, (Morris, N. J.)—The pianoforte, or hammer piano as Mozart called it, was the discovery of Cristoph Gottlieb Shroeder, who was born in Bohemia in the year 1699. The term Dulciana is borrowed from a peculiarly sweet and musical stop in the organ, and is applied to a modern improvement in the wonderful instrument invented by Shroeder some 180 years ago.

A. E. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Winter properly begins on the 21st of December, Spring on the 22d of March, Summer on the 21st of June, and Autumn on the 23rd of September; but these arrangements cannot be accurately applied to the seasons as affected by the climate of this country. 2. The initials J. H. S. mean Jesus Hominum Salvator, "Jesus the Saviour of Men."

S. S. (Centre, Pa.)—It is customary when introducing persons of the same sex to present the youngest to the oldest where there is a difference in age. When of opposite sexes, the gentleman is always presented to the lady. Be careful to pronounce the names distinctly, as it is very awkward to be obliged to repeat them, and embarrassing to the person failing to catch the other's name.

SCOTIA, (Washington, Pa.)—A father can fix the domicile of himself and family where he chooses and his children if minors, cannot refuse to dwell at the place which he may so select, provided there be no objections of a moral nature. The wife cannot exercise any authority in the matter, as she is also bound to follow her husband. If she refuse to accompany him to his new place of abode, she cannot keep the children away from him.

W. V. (Burke, Ga.)—If a gentleman meets a lady on the street with whom he is but slightly acquainted or to whom he has been only recently introduced, he must wait to be recognized before he bows; but with friends or intimate acquaintances such extreme formality is seldom indulged in. It is advisable, however, for the lady to offer the recognition in accordance with custom, in case the gentleman should be a stickler for etiquette, the rule being in his favor.

R. P. (Sumner, Kans.)—It was not enough that your good advice was meant for the best. It should have been discreetly administered. The efficacy of good counsel depends very much upon the form in which it is given. The bitterest pill may be sugar coated; and the most unpalatable advice may be rendered acceptable, if judiciously and gently administered. There is an oblique manner of conveying a valuable lesson which advisers have seldom tact enough to employ, but which is often very successful.

L. T. (Crawford, Mo.)—You should not blame your children for their inquisitiveness. Childhood is interrogative. Do not be test under its questions. Answer each as it best may be answered, if you can. If you cannot respond offhand, set a time for the explanation, and in the meanwhile teach yourself what the child desires to know. Thus shall the questioner educate you, as well as you the questioner. It is astonishing how much grown persons may learn by taking the pains to solve the problems propounded by little children.

L. T. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—If you actually struck the man's horse with your whip, and he can prove it, and also satisfy a jury that the running away of his horse and carriage was a positive consequence of your conduct the chances are that you will have heavy damages to pay. Nor will any violence of language or demeanor on your part help your case in the least. You should put both the case and your temper in charge of some astute lawyer, and then do nothing except under his advice. Above all things do not speak jestingly of the injury to your opponent's wife; for, in case the matter should come into court, such heartlessness on your part as that would damage your case beyond all hope of reparation.